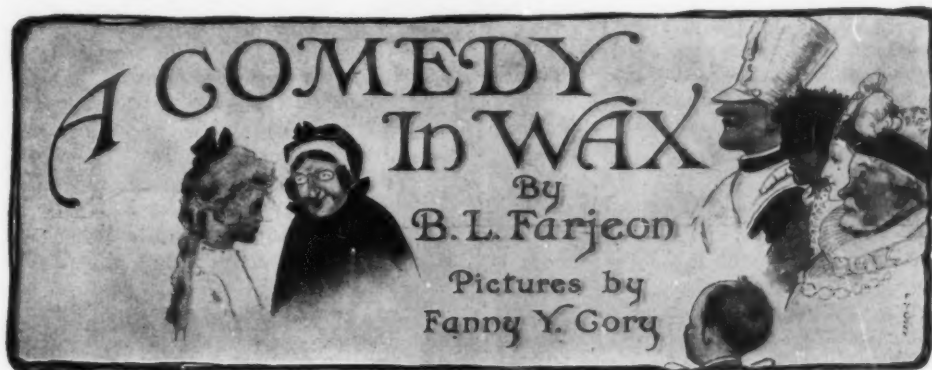


ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 1.



CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.

"WHAT is the matter with you, little girl? You seem to be in trouble."

Lucy looked up. The voice was kind, and she felt the need of sympathy just then, being very lonely and not at all happy in her mind. She was standing between Groups 1 and 2 in the center of the Grand Saloon, and no one was near her except the lovely Mme. Sainte Amaranthe (who lay fast asleep on her crimson couch) and a few other figures, among whom was a Little Old Woman in Black in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box. But *they* were all waxwork people, and it would have been too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that any one of them could have addressed her in a human voice.

It was rather late in the afternoon. The

first part of the concert was over, and there was an interval of an hour and a half before the second part commenced. The Rumanian Orchestra had played Waldteufel's "Waltz of the Sirens," and had gone to tea; so had nearly all the visitors. Little Lucy Scarlett was alone in the midst of these waxwork celebrities, some affable, some stern, some simpering, some exceedingly stately and dignified, and all staring straight before them, without so much as winking an eyelid.

"Of course nobody spoke," said Lucy to herself. "I wonder what made me think so."

To her astonishment she was answered: "Because you heard me, my dear. I asked what was the matter with you."

It was the Little Old Woman in Black who addressed the little girl. She wore a black silk dress, and a black silk cape, and a black bonnet with white frillings inside. Her hair and

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eyes were brown, and she had a pair of steel spectacles on her nose. Lucy stared at her in amazement, but somehow she did not feel afraid, there was such a benevolent expression on the old lady's face.

"You are surprised to hear me speak," observed the figure.

"Yes, I am," Lucy answered frankly.

"It *must* seem singular, I own," said the figure, "but you need not be frightened. I am not at all an ill-natured person."

"I am sure you are not," replied Lucy, "your face is so kind. Are you a 'celebrated person'?"

"I should not be here if I were not. We don't put nobodies in this exhibition—I should think not, indeed! Everybody here is somebody—I take good care of that. You have a catalogue, I see. I am Madame Tussaud.* Read what they say about me."

Lucy turned over the pages, and read aloud:

"Mme. Tussaud, the foundress of the exhibition, was born in Berne, Switzerland, in 1760. Being left an orphan—'Oh, dear!' she cried, interrupting herself, 'I never heard of such a thing. Born in 1760! Why, you must be—'"

"A hundred and forty-three years old," said the old lady, complacently, "and I am proud of it."

"But I thought you were wax, ma'am."

"I dare say. Every one who comes here thinks so. Every one is mistaken. Sometimes, though, people coming up to me give a start, and think I am real, and then, after a little while, laugh and say, 'Upon my word, I thought she was alive!' It is a great compliment, for it shows what a good imitation I am."

"Can you walk about if you wish?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Certainly I can," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and I would do so now to prove it to you, only I don't want to attract attention; it would set everything in commotion. At the present moment we have this part of the show to our-

selves; but if I shifted my position, or moved my head, or stroked your cheek,—which I should like to do, my dear,—the attendants would come running up to see what was the matter. That is why I keep so still when there is any risk of being observed. Oh, yes, I can walk about, and, considering my age, I am very active."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Lucy.

"But enough about that just now. It really distresses me to see young folk unhappy, and you seem to be so. Are you?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Lucy, "very, very unhappy!"

"You're surely not disappointed in my show. I could hardly bear that."

"Oh, no; it is a beautiful show. I've never seen anything half so beautiful."

"If you searched the whole world through," said Mme. Tussaud, proudly, "you would not find a better. All the people who come here are happy; I should be vexed if they were not. Shall it be said that I am a failure? Have I not done my best to make them happy?"

"I am sure you have," said Lucy, quickly, for Mme. Tussaud seemed rather hurt.

"Well, then, *you* must be happy. I insist upon it."

"I wish I could be," said Lucy, her lips quivering, "but I can't."

"Tell me why; I may be able to help you. Do they treat you badly at home? Do you have enough to eat? Does Miss Pennyback slap you?"

"It is n't anything like that," said Lucy, with difficulty keeping back her tears. "It's because of Lydia."

"Oh—Lydia. Who is she?"

"My sister, ma'am."

"When I first noticed you, nearly two hours ago," said Mme. Tussaud, "you were not alone. There was a bright young fellow of about four-and-twenty with you."

"That was Harry Bower, ma'am."

"And there was another man, much older, with a mean, sharp nose and red hair."

* Pronounced Tus-sō'. Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxworks in Marylebone Road is one of the most popular shows in London, and for the last sixty or seventy years has been regarded as essentially a British institution. Throughout the whole of the year it attracts daily a large number of visitors, and at holiday-time it is thronged with children.

"Yes, ma'am, the monster—Mr. Lorimer Grimweed."

"And there was a pretty girl in a blue dress—a Bower on one side of her and a Grimweed on the other. Was that Lydia?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "She is pretty, is n't she?"

"Sweetly pretty, my dear, and I am very much mistaken if somebody else does n't think so, too. Nothing escapes my notice; I am a very observant person. I see everything that goes on around me, and it struck me that Mr. Harry Bower looked far more often at Lydia than he did at my celebrities. Oh, I was n't offended—not at all! I heard something, too. Harry Bower looked at me and said, 'What a nice-looking little lady!' The Grimweed man looked and said, 'I call her a regular fright!'"

"That's just like the monster," said Lucy. "He's always saying disagreeable things; and oh, he does tell *such* stories!"

"Good little girl! Now, what is the matter with Lydia?" Lucy hesitated. "Come, come, child, speak."

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Yes, indeed, I can. If people only knew the secrets I have kept these last hundred years! Volumes of them. Now let me hear yours."

"Lydia is in love." The child's face was very solemn, and her voice very low, as she imparted this tremendous piece of information to the old lady.

"Ha—hm! That is indeed extraordinary. So unusual, you know. How old is Lydia?"

"Eighteen."

"Ah!" said Mme. Tussaud, in a wistful tone. "I was eighteen once, and I was in love. Is Harry Bower Lydia's sweetheart?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he unkind to her?"

"Oh, no! He is the kindest young gentleman you ever saw."

"Then why don't they marry? They could come here often. They could n't visit a better place—so quiet and improving, with royalty looking on and never interfering. And a refreshment-room downstairs where they could have ice-cream. And delightful music all day long, played by a famous band."

"Papa will not let them," said Lucy, shaking her head sorrowfully. "He says that Lydia shall marry Lorimer Grimweed, and she hates the sight of him—and so do I."

"Grimweed is a most disagreeable name," said Mme. Tussaud, "and would not look bad on the bills. If you could get him to do some horrible deed, something to make the public's flesh creep, I would put him in my Chamber of Horrors, and there would be an end of him." Lucy shuddered. "But why does your papa wish Lydia to marry Grimweed instead of Harry Bower?"

"He is richer than Harry; besides Marybud Lodge, where we live, belongs to him. Our lease expires this year, and if Lydia does n't marry him he will rent the place to another family, and papa can't be happy anywhere else. Papa has lived there all his life, and is quite wretched at the thought of being turned away. He has spent ever so much money on the place, and it will all belong to the monster if Lydia does n't

marry him. Just as if he did n't have money enough already! He is always talking of his riches."

"I see. But how does it happen that this Grimweed came with you to my show this afternoon?"

"It's rather mixed, ma'am," replied Lucy. "Some friends in Cavendish Square wanted me to spend a few days with them,—Marybud Lodge is in Barnet, you know,—and Lydia said



LUCY.

she would bring me to London herself, and would take me to see your show first."

"Sensible girl, that Lydia. The more I hear of her the better I like her. How does it happen that Harry Bower came too?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Ah, I see. Go on, my dear."

"Well, last night," continued Lucy, "Mr. Grimweed dropped in, and said he would come with us to-day, and escort Lydia home in the evening; and papa accepted the offer at once, though Lydia tried hard to put him off. When the monster found Harry here he was dreadfully cross; and he was crosser still when I asked him to take me to the Napoleon Room, so that Lydia and Harry could stay where they were."

"You did n't tell him that, did you, child?"

"Oh, no. He thought they were following us, and was so angry when he missed them that he chipped bits out of Napoleon's carriage, and said he would keep them as relics."

"The wretch ought to be prosecuted!" cried Mme. Tussaud, fiercely. "My dear, I am greatly interested in what you have told me. I must punish that Grimweed man, and your papa must be brought to reason."

Lucy shook her head mournfully. "He won't be, ma'am. He has made up his mind that Lydia shall marry the monster, and when papa makes up his mind to anything, nobody in the world can make him change it."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mme. Tussaud, and it was evident that she was not only greatly interested, but very much nettled. "Nobody in the world! Upon my word! As if I could n't bring him to reason!"

"You could n't, ma'am—no; you could n't! You don't know papa, ma'am. He will command Lydia to marry the monster, and then she will die—and I shall die, too!" And with this, tears began to roll down the little girl's face.

"Dry your eyes," said Mme. Tussaud, in rather a sharp tone, "or people will think you don't like my show. My mind is made up. I can be quite as determined as your papa—oh, yes, I can! He *shall* be brought to reason, if you have the courage to do as I tell you."

"I will do anything to make Lydia happy—anything in the world!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Very well, child. What is your name?"

"Lucy, ma'am."

"Nice name. How far is it to Marybud Lodge, Lucy?"

"Nine or ten miles from here, I think."

"H'm. It might be done," mused Mme. Tussaud.

"They deserve an outing, and it would be *such* an advertisement for us!" continued Mme. Tussaud, as if talking to herself. "Such a wonderful advertisement! Why, we should be more popular than ever! But that is not the reason, child." She was now addressing Lucy, who was wondering what the old lady was talking about. "It is because I am resolved that no one shall be miserable in my show, and no one shall go away miserable. My dear, I think there is one place in London where people may be sure of spending a happy day, and that is here. And you shall be happy, and Lydia shall be happy, and we will teach that Grimweed man a lesson he will not forget. Hearts are not made to be broken—no, indeed; I will not allow it." She paused to take breath, and then added doubtfully, "But, after all, Lucy, I am afraid you have n't the courage."

"I have, ma'am, I have!" cried Lucy, who was now very much excited. "Try me—do!"

"You would have to remain in the show till all the people have gone away. What do you say to that?"

"I don't mind," said Lucy, bravely; "I don't, indeed."

"And nobody must see you. You must hide."

"Yes, ma'am. Where?"

"That is an important point. We must decide quickly, because the visitors will soon be coming back. There's the Royal Group on the left of me; but you could scarcely escape observation there. If you were to creep under the throne you would certainly be seen. Dear, dear! where *can* you hide? Ah, I have it! Do you see that gentleman who stands in a thoughtful attitude, on a raised platform, nearly facing me on the right-hand side of the saloon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is the glory of the world, Shakspeare, in the costume of the period. At the back of

his platform is a vacant space rather close to the wall, but large enough for a little girl to hide in. Are you brave enough to creep in there and hide for three or four hours?"

"I would hide there for weeks," said Lucy, trembling with eagerness, "to make Lydia happy."

"That would be too severe a task," said Mme. Tussaud, gaily. "But you can't remain there so long without something to eat. Have you any money?"

"Yes; a two-shilling piece. Lydia gave it to me."

"Lydia is a darling. Before you hide, go

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lucy, whose own eyes opened very wide at what she heard.

"Yes, and I was rather afraid it would spoil my tableau; but fortunately the swelling soon went down. All the same I was much annoyed, and the duke received a severe scolding from his papa, Edward IV. Oh, there have been strange doings in this place when the public were not looking on! There was great excitement, not so very long ago, when William the Conqueror organized a night attack upon the refreshment-counter downstairs; he enlisted several of the more unruly spirits to aid him in his New Conquest, as he called it, and it was as much as I could do to bring him to order. I don't know that I should have succeeded but for the assistance of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell, who agreed that William had committed a serious breach of discipline. But, dear me! we are wandering from the point, and an awkward question has occurred to me. Your sister will be coming back to look for you presently, and when she fails to find you she will be much alarmed, and there will probably be a great to-do. Now that is just what I wish to avoid."

"It will be all right, ma'am," said Lucy. "Lydia told me that if we should happen to get parted to-day I was to take a cab from here and go straight to Cavendish Square. It is n't very far, and I have been there before, you know. When she misses

me she will think I have done as she said, and she and Harry will go back to Barnet without feeling a bit anxious on my account."

"Capital!" said Mme. Tussaud. "It is really as if things had been arranged for us. Your friends in Cavendish Square may wonder why you don't turn up, but when so much is at stake I don't think we need take *them* into consideration. Well, Lucy, what you have to do is to creep behind Shakspeare's platform when nobody is looking, and remain there till ten o'clock. You will know when the show is over by the band playing 'God Save the King.' Then all the people will go away—to come



"BEAUTIFUL EVENING," SAID THE SHEEP, PUTTING ON A PAIR OF WHITE KID GLOVES." (SEE PAGE 10.)

down to the refreshment-room and buy some cakes; also buy some chocolate creams. My kings and queens are very fond of them. When they ruled the country, chocolate creams were not invented, and I have heard Henry VIII say that if our great confectioners had been alive in his time, he would have instituted an Order of the Chocolate Cream, and made one of them Grand Master. Sometimes a visitor leaves a little bag on one of the seats, and there is a regular scramble for it. On one occasion Edward V and the Duke of York came to blows over it, and the duke, who said that Edward did not divide fairly, gave his brother a black eye."

again to-morrow, I hope. There will be a surprise for them if they do. Dear, dear, dear! What an excitement there will be in London! It will spread, and spread, and spread, and the people will flock, and flock, and flock! I feel as if I could jump when I think of it. It will be worth thousands and thousands of pounds to us."

All this was as puzzling to Lucy as if the old lady were speaking in Greek, but, for fear that they might be interrupted, she did not stop to ask for an explanation.

"Then," proceeded Mme. Tussaud, cooling down, "when the people are all gone, the attendants will shut up the show and turn out the lights. You must wait till they have finished their work and everything is perfectly still, and then you will creep out of your hiding-place and come to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be very careful to keep out of the way of Lydia and that Grimweed man. If they see you, all our plans will be spoiled. Now, are you sure you can do all this?"

"Quite sure, ma'am."

"Brave little Lucy!" said Mme. Tussaud. "Go and do it."

CHAPTER II.

LUCY HAS A WONDERFUL DREAM.

As Lucy turned away her heart beat fast with a wonderful joy. After the first surprise of being spoken to by a wax lady, she saw nothing very startling in her adventure, strange as it was. For Lucy, you see, was of an imaginative nature, and, unlike many of our matter-of-fact boys and girls of to-day, did not turn up her nose at hobgoblins and nymphs and fays. She believed firmly in the dear old fairy tales and elves and ogres; and all such dainty and fantastic creations were, to her, veritable beings of flesh and blood.

On the way to the refreshment-room to purchase the chocolate creams, Lucy caught sight of Mr. Grimweed diligently searching for her; and in another room she spied Lydia and Mr. Bower, who, like herself, were trying to "lose" Mr. Grimweed. As soon as the coast seemed to be clear she went forward to the refreshment-

counter. With great care she made her purchases, spending sixpence for cakes and eighteenpence for chocolate creams.

When she reached the Grand Saloon the band was playing, and most of the visitors were clustered round the orchestra; only a few people were looking at the wax figures. Lucy lingered a moment or two beside Mme. Tussaud, but the old lady made no sign, so she passed on to Shakspeare's platform and, availing herself of a good opportunity, slipped behind. No one had noticed her, and after a few moments of almost breathless suspense she made herself as snug as possible, and felt that she was safe.

She was not at all uncomfortable; there was just sufficient space between the back of the platform and the wall for her to recline at her ease and listen to the music, the strains of which floated softly to her ears. There was another diversion in the scraps of conversation that reached her from the people passing to and fro, although, to be sure, they were rather confusing:

"There is that dear Marie Antoinette, poor thing! Before she was married she"—

"Screamed out, 'You wretch! you ought to be'!"—

"Mixed with the yolk of three new-laid eggs, well beaten up, and"—

"Taken in at the waist, and let out two or three inches at the hem, until"—

"I did n't know where I was; it was quite dark, and"—

Lucy could not make sense of the chatter, and she gave up trying to; but presently she distinguished voices which she knew.

"Are you sure Lucy will be all right, Lydia?"

"Quite sure; she knows just what to do, and has often been to Cavendish Square before. You have no idea what a brave little thing she is; and so quick and clever! Was n't it good of her to go off with the monster as she did?"

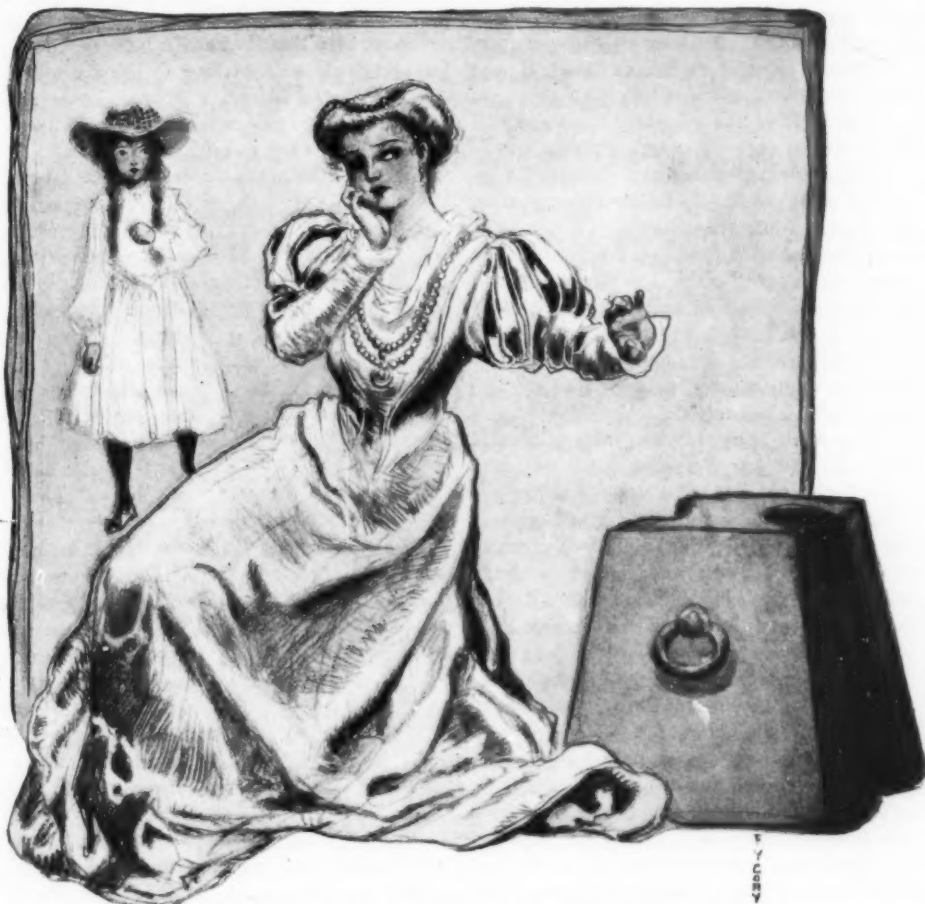
"I am afraid it must have spoiled all her pleasure, Lydia."

"We'll make it up to her some day, Harry, if we have the chance. Oh, dear, there's Mr. Grimweed in the next room, looking about for us! We seem to have been dodging him all the afternoon. Come away, quick, or he will

see us. Besides, it's getting late—and if you like, sir, you may have the honor of taking me home."

"Darling Lydia!" thought Lucy, as the two moved away. "It will be all right soon.

had been turned on, but as she had no watch she did not know what time it was. Harry Bower had promised her the prettiest little gold watch in England on the day he and Lydia were married, but the fulfilment of that



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. "THE EXECUTIONER HAD DISAPPEARED!" (SEE PAGE 14.)

Mme. Tussaud is going to manage everything, and you and Harry will be happy, and—and—oh, dear! I am so sleepy!"

Her eyes closed, and she fell into a doze. When she awoke she wondered where she was, and it was some time before she could recollect what had occurred.

During her nap the lights in the exhibition

promise depended entirely upon the Little Old Woman in Black.

Never in Lucy's young life had time passed so slowly. Mme. Tussaud had told her she would have to remain in hiding for three or four hours, but Lucy was ready to aver that she had been crouching behind the bard of Avon at least three times as long as that, and

the people had not yet left the exhibition. She closed her eyes again, and began to count a thousand sheep going through a gate; and falling into another doze before she counted eighty, found herself in a large buttercup and daisy field filled with sheep who were dancing to a waltz by Strauss, which the band was softly playing. Some of the animals had gorgeous ball-dresses on, and others swallowtails and white ties.

"May I have the pleasure?" said one of the sheep to Lucy, with a graceful bow.

"Yes, you may," said Lucy.

"Beautiful evening," said the sheep, putting on a pair of white kid gloves.

"Yes, it is," said Lucy. "Do you like my white satin shoes?"

"They are beautiful," said the sheep. "And silk stockings, I see."

"I always wear silk at a sheep's party."

"I always wear wool," said the sheep. "So much more fashionable!"

"You don't know anything about it," said Lucy; "and if you are going to dance you'd better begin, or there will be none left."

Round and round they went, and Lucy was not at all surprised when the sheep changed into Julius Cæsar, who was clasping her waist and waltzing in what he called the Roman style. They got along very well together until Julius Cæsar accused her of not keeping step, and when she retorted that it was he who was at fault, he called out in a threatening voice:

"What, ho, my lictors!"

Which so terrified her that she fell upon her knees and implored him to spare her life.

"Who did n't keep step?" he demanded imperiously.

"It was me," she answered.

"What shocking grammar!" replied Julius Cæsar. "I forgive your not keeping step, despite your manner of speech. Rise."

But before Lucy could get up, Lorimer Grimweed appeared with a huge battle-ax, and called out fiercely:

"No! Let her stay where she is! Off with her head! Stand aside, Julius—I'll do it!"

And he would have done it, Lucy thought, if Harry Bower had not darted forward and seized him by the throat, shouting: "Caitiff!"

At that critical moment Lucy woke up with pins and needles in her foot, and knew she had been dreaming. She had hardly got rid of the pins and needles when she heard a great scuffling, and the band playing "God Save the King." It was all over at last, and the people were going away. It was more than ever necessary now that she should be very careful, for everybody was flocking to the stairs near which she was hiding. What a hurry and confusion there was as they hastened away, and how their tongues ran!

Gradually the hubbub grew faint and fainter,

till it ceased entirely, and all the visitors were gone. Then Lucy heard the attendants moving about, calling to each other while they performed their last duties for the day, but what those duties were she could not see. She was afraid they were looking for her, and she made herself as small as possible. "What will they do to me if they catch me?" she thought. "Will they lock me up, and will they call Mme. Tussaud as a witness? Oh, I do hope they won't



MR. GRIMWEED.

catch me!" She listened to the men talking and laughing and making remarks about the celebrities; and now and then the swish of some soft material fell upon her ears. She could not understand what they meant when they said, "Now, then, stupid, do you want to smother me? A little more this way, Jack. Easy, there, easy! Take care of her head!"

After a while these remarks came to an end. The lights were lowered, and the attendants bade each other good night. Then came the sound of the shutting and locking of doors and gates, after which there was a dead silence.

The exhibition was closed for the night.

How strange it seemed! Only a few moments before, the bustle, the laughter, the eager voices—and now not an audible word, not a footstep!

Lucy waited four or five minutes before she ventured to peep out. She saw nothing, heard nothing. After waiting another minute or two, she crept very, very slowly from her hiding-place; and as she once more stood upright and looked around, she was startled at the transformation that had taken place.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

NOT a figure was to be seen. Every wax figure had been put to bed standing, as it were, and was covered with a calico nightgown. Very ghostly was the appearance of the Grand Saloon in its canopy of dingy white. Brave as Lucy was, it would be nonsense to say she was not nervous. It was all so uncanny and hobgoblinly that she was almost afraid to move.

Presently she remembered she was a little girl of courage, and stole softly along till she came to the center of the Grand Saloon, where she knew Mme. Tussaud was standing; but how could she tell the Little Old Woman in Black from the rest of the draped figures? And if she did find her, would she dare take the covering off?

The silence, the dim light, the dumb, shapeless forms, kept her heart in a flutter. Three or four times she had stopped in alarm, fancying that one or other of the wax figures had beckoned beneath its shroud, and was about to advance toward her. Motionless as they all were, they seemed to be stealthily watching her, and demanding to know what business she had to be there at such an hour.

Tremblingly the little girl peered this way and that, until she became quite bewildered, and began to fancy she had come to the wrong spot.

"Oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish it was lighter—or that the figures were n't covered—or something! I wish Lorimer Grimwead had never been born! I wish—"

But her next wish was never uttered, for she

was startled by an unmistakable movement in one of the figures. The calico wrapper trembled, fluttered, and fell to the ground, and to Lucy's great joy there stood Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Why, there you are," said the old lady, in the kindest tone. "I was beginning to fear that something had happened to you, or that you had been frightened and had run away. I am glad you did n't. You look white, poor child!"

"I am all right now," said Lucy. "I *did* feel a little nervous as I came along."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mme. Tussaud. "If you had been here as many years as I have been, you would have grown accustomed to this sort of thing."

Her features were no longer fixed and motionless, as they had been during her previous conversation with Lucy: they were animated with a cheery expression, and her eyes twinkled with kindness; and when she stepped forward and stroked Lucy's cheek, the little girl did not shrink from the touch, it seemed so natural.

"Nobody noticed you, I hope, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, "I am dying for a pinch of snuff and a good long sneeze."

"Do you take snuff, ma'am?" asked the wondering Lucy.

"I can't live without it, my dear."

"Then why don't you take a pinch now?"

"I dare not," replied Mme. Tussaud, "till I have put two Beings out of the way." This cold-blooded declaration—as though the old lady was contemplating a murder, or rather two murders—made Lucy shiver. "Don't be alarmed; they are quite used to it, and it will not hurt them the least bit in the world. The best of it is, they have no idea of what is being done to them. Ha! the first one approaches. Crouch, child, crouch, and keep as still as a mouse!"

Lucy obeyed, not without some apprehension, and clasped her hands over her eyes. What dreadful deed was about to be committed? From the end of the hall came the sound of measured footsteps. Was the Being a murderer who had escaped from the Chamber of Horrors, and would there be a struggle?

Presently the sound of footsteps ceased, and all was quiet. Unable to restrain her curiosity, Lucy peeped timorously from her hiding-place.

Mme. Tussaud had taken up her old position, and was standing perfectly still; the Being was standing sideways, so that Lucy could not see his face. There was nothing threatening in his attitude; he appeared to be an ordinary person, dressed in the uniform of the exhibition. After pausing awhile, he resumed his walk, apparently satisfied that everything was as it should be. He took just three steps—no more; for the moment his back was turned from Mme. Tussaud, that lady produced from beneath her skirt a slender, willowy cane, with which she touched the Being's shoulder.

The effect was magical. Instead of turning to see who wanted him, the Being was instantly deprived of the power of motion—so completely, indeed, that the foot he had lifted to take the next step remained suspended in the air.

Then Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly to Lucy, and said in a cheerful tone:

"Get up, child; he cannot see you now."

Lucy rose slowly to her feet, and pointing to the Being, asked in a trembling voice:

"What have you done to him? Is he dead?"

"As a door-nail, my dear," replied Mme. Tussaud, with twinkling eyes,—and her eyes certainly had a wonderful twinkle in them,—
"till I bring him to life again."

"You can never do that," sobbed Lucy.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, you can never bring anybody to life after you have murdered him! It's too, too dreadful!"

"You simple little darling!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, laughing heartily, "you don't suppose I would commit murder, do you?"

"But look at him," said Lucy, unable to check her tears; "he can't move!"

"No, my dear, he can't, and that is what makes it so safe for us. If he could hear, or see, or speak, do you suppose he would allow me to do what I am going to do—for Lydia's sake, remember—without raising an alarm? He is one of my night watchmen, and a very trustworthy servant. Is it likely I would injure him? Do not be afraid; he will not hurt you."

She took Lucy's hand and led her up to the

man, who stood motionless and looked for all the world like one of the wax figures in the show. Mme. Tussaud raised his arm, and it remained stationary; his head was turned to the right, and she turned it to the left; and the surprising thing was that while she did these things he offered no resistance and the expression on his features never varied.

"Does he look as if I am hurting him, Lucy?" asked the old lady.

"No, ma'am."

"I will show you something more curious."

She reversed the cane, and touched first the foot which was raised in the air, and then the other. Then, still keeping hold of Lucy's hand, she placed herself face to face with him, and slowly backed, beckoning him on with the cane. As if worked by machinery, he immediately began to walk toward her as she continued to walk backward. But when she reversed the cane and touched him on the shoulder, he became fixed and motionless as before.

"What do you think of that, Lucy?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"It is like magic," Lucy replied.

"It *is* magic. This is a magic cane. Yes, my dear. It sends people to sleep as long as I wish them to sleep, and wakes them up again when I wish them to wake up."

"And it *really* does n't do them any harm?"

"Not the least. They are perfectly happy, and when they wake up they don't know what has occurred, and don't know that they have been asleep. They go on from where they left off just as if nothing had happened. When I bring this man to his senses he will continue his walk through the building in the most natural and unsuspecting manner. I could do just the same to you, Lucy."

"Oh, no," said Lucy, shaking her head.

"Oh, yes," said Mme. Tussaud, nodding hers. "As for my celebrities, I should n't be able to give them any relaxation, and should n't be able to keep them in order, without my cane. When they are obstinate I threaten them with it, and they immediately behave themselves."

"What a wonderful cane!" said Lucy.

"What a useful cane!" said Mme. Tussaud.

"When people are in that state," asked

Lucy, pointing to the night watchman, "do they dream?"

"I will show you. Tell me the time."

Mme. Tussaud took a pretty little old-fashioned gold watch from her waistband, and held it out to Lucy. "Take it in your hand."

Lucy did so. "What a lovely watch!" she exclaimed. "Why, it is only a quarter past eleven. I thought it was—"

CHAPTER IV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"—much later," said Lucy.

"Much later than what?" asked Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Than a quarter past eleven," replied Lucy.

"It is, my dear. Look again."

Lucy looked at the watch, which she held in her outstretched hand, and, to her surprise, saw that it was twenty minutes to twelve.

"How can I have made such a mistake?" she said, rather bewildered.

"It was no mistake. The fact is, you have been asleep for exactly twenty-five minutes."

"Asleep! Without my knowing it? Oh, you're making fun of me!"

"No, my dear. I touched you on the shoulder with my magic cane."

"Did you? I don't remember it."

"They never do. I saw it distressed you when I sent one of my night watchmen to sleep, so I thought I would dispose of the other without your seeing. Now, perhaps, you will have entire confidence in me, and take everything for granted till Lydia is made happy."

"Yes, I will, I will!"

"That's right; we shall be able to get along splendidly. And be prepared for stranger things than you have already seen. I think I may now take my pinch of snuff with safety."

She took a large pinch, and then another, and sneezed three times violently.

"There!" said Mme. Tussaud, at last. "In my young days everybody took snuff. What have you in that paper bag?"

"The chocolate creams you told me to buy."

"So I did; but you have n't eaten many."

"No, ma'am. I saved most of them for the kings and queens. You said they liked them."

"Thoughtful Lucy! So they do. Thank you; they are quite refreshing. But you must keep more of them yourself. Though I do not like young people to be greedy, they ought to have their share of good things. Now, then, we must to work. We have to select the celebrities we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge."



LUCY AND THE HEADSMAN.

I have decided upon one, and I brought him up from below while you were asleep. He is just behind you."

Lucy turned, and started back when she saw the Headsman from the tableau of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He wore his mask, and was leaning on his ax.

"Don't be frightened," said Mme. Tussaud. "He will do only what I order him to do."

"Oh, dear!" whispered Lucy, her heart

beating very fast. "Will you order him to do anything?"

"I don't know," replied Mme. Tussaud, thoughtfully. "We shall be guided by events, and in any case he is a moral force. Only to look at him makes one shiver. When he is in Marybud Lodge I will keep him in the background as much as possible. He is one; now for the others. What do you think of King Henry VIII? Have you any objection to him?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "Shall I hear him speak?"

"He will have something to say for himself, I promise you," said Mme. Tussaud, with a chuckle. "Henry makes two." She checked them off on her fingers. "Queen Elizabeth, of course."

"If you please, ma'am," said Lucy, perceiving that Mme. Tussaud awaited her approval.

"She is three. Whom shall we have for the fourth? We will take Houguia, the famous Chinese tea-merchant, who objects to people taking sugar in their tea. Guy Fawkes shall be the fifth, which is rather appropriate,"—and here Mme. Tussaud laughed,—"for you have heard of gunpowder tea, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Lucy.

"Then Richards I and III," continued Mme. Tussaud. "That makes seven. My Sleeping Beauty, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, makes eight. She was one of the loveliest women in France, and is an immense attraction. Next, Oliver Cromwell—what do you say to him?"

"If you think so, ma'am," said Lucy.

"He will tone down the royal personages; they are inclined to get too uppish unless they have some kind of a check upon them. He makes nine. Charles II makes ten, and all my fingers are used up. Loushkin, the Russian giant, is eleven; he is eight feet five inches high, and will lend weight to the party. And, by way of balance, we will take General Tom Thumb—the most comical little gentleman! You will hear him say some very quaint and smart things. I love my little Tom."

"I should like him!" said Lucy.

"You will get very fond of him. The next one must be a lady. Which would you prefer—Marie Antoinette or Mary Queen of Scots?"

"Oh, Mary Queen of Scots, please," said Lucy, clapping her hands, but adding quickly, "if the executioner won't chop off her head. You won't let him, will you?"

"Indeed I will not. It would spoil my tableau. Extraordinary," murmured Mme. Tussaud, "what a favorite that celebrity is! Mary shall accompany us, as you wish it. Will you come with me and fetch her, or remain here till I bring her up? I hardly know how she will behave, for she has never yet felt the touch of my magic cane."

"I will go with you, please," said Lucy.

"Very well. Come along."

The brisk way in which the old lady walked filled Lucy with fresh wonder, and they were soon downstairs, standing before the tableau of the Execution.

"I must leave you for half a minute," said Mme. Tussaud.

The old lady glided to the back of the tableau, and in a few moments was standing by the side of Mary Queen of Scots, whose fair face was hidden by the kerchief tied across her eyes. Mme. Tussaud touched the shoulder of the kneeling queen with her magic cane.

A shiver ran through Mary's form, but she made no further movement until Mme. Tussaud unbound the kerchief from behind. As it fell to the ground she raised her head slightly, and turned it toward the spot where the executioner had stood. There was a sly and timid look in her beautiful eyes, followed by a gleam of joy upon seeing that the executioner had disappeared! Then she sprang to her feet, and cried in the sweetest voice in the world:

"The wretch has gone—the wretch has gone! A reprieve—a reprieve! By the rood, 't is well! But oh, I have such a crick in my neck!"

She gazed in wonder at the motionless forms by which she was surrounded. Her eyes fell upon Mme. Tussaud, and she leaned forward and asked: "Who art thou? Surely not one of my tiring-women? Though I would not have those about me too fair. Hast lost thy tongue, dame? Who art thou? Speak!"

"Your Majesty will be well advised to follow me without further questioning," said Mme. Tussaud. "But if you would prefer to remain where you are—"

"Nay, nay! I am a-weary of this dungeon. But swear to me it is no new plot devised by my cousin Elizabeth—that thou art not sent by her for my destruction!"

"I am not in the habit of swearing," said Mme. Tussaud. "I am not sent by Elizabeth, and if you would once more taste the joys of life, obey me."

"Am I free, then? Am I free?" cried Mary.

"For a while," said Mme. Tussaud. "For how long a time depends upon your behavior."

"Know your place, dame!" exclaimed Mary, haughtily.

"And learn to know yours, Queen Mary," retorted Mme. Tussaud. "You have had some sharp lessons; profit by them. Lucy, my dear, give her Majesty a chocolate cream."

"T is toothsome," said Mary; "the flavor is new to me." Then she whispered to Lucy: "Thou art more to my taste than the ancient dame—thou art more *de bon aire*. Hast thou another confiture? T is well—I thank thee. She called thee Lucie. I had a lady of that name who attended me when I was married to the Dauphin in the Church of Notre Dame. Art thou of royal blood?"

"Oh, no, your Majesty," said Lucy. She was walking now by the side of Mary, and Mme. Tussaud was leading the way to another part of the ground floor.

"Wilt thou serve me, Lucie?"

"Yes, faithfully," replied Lucy, eagerly.

"Alas!" sighed Mary. "So many have sworn

that, only to betray me! Was ever lady born to such a destiny? To be a queen before I was a week old, to be betrothed before I was six, and married before I was sixteen! My beauty was a theme in all the courts of Europe. Wherever I appeared admirers sighed and languished at my feet. Pretty feet, are they not?" She put out one foot, then the other. "What size do you wear, Mlle. Lucie?"

"Twos, your Majesty," said Lucy.

"I wear ones," said Mary, proudly. "And dost thou read, Mlle. Lucie? I have written sonnets in French and Italian. Dost thou not that set thee wondering? And thou shouldst see me touch the lute; thou wouldst never forget it. Poets have said my tresses are woven sunbeams and my eyes of star-like brightness. Cast thine own eyes upon them, and say whether thou thinkest them hazel or dark gray."

She was stooping, when Mme. Tussaud said in a sharp tone, "No loitering, Lucy; we have a deal of work to do. Remember Lydia."

This brought Lucy back to reality, and stopped the loquacious tongue of Mary Queen of Scots, who tossed her head and said haughtily:

"I wot my gentle words are ill bestowed."

Lucy's feelings were hurt, but greatly as she admired the beautiful queen, with her hair of light russet gold, Lydia came first. All the queens in the universe, ancient or modern, could not take the place of Lydia in her heart.

(To be continued.)

HOSEA JOSÉ AND HIS HOSE.

(Nonsense Verse.)

HOSEA JOSÉ* chose a hose he needed for his lawn—	Now this hose that Hosea chose is not his hose, they say;
Chose the hose he knows the best is; uses it at dawn.	Though he chose the hose, he knows for it he did not pay;
From the hose that Hosea chose there flows a steady stream;	Owes he for the hose he chose, and therefore, I suppose,
'Mid the roses Hosea's hose is useful, too, I deem.	Where'er goes he, Hosea José knows he owes for hose.

Arthur J. Burdick.

* Pronounced Hô-say'.



GENERAL VIEW OF HADRIAN'S WALL, AT CUDDY'S CRAG.

A DAY WITH HADRIAN.

BY EDWIN L. ARNOLD,

Author of "Lepidus the Centurion."

HISTORY would be the pleasantest sort of learning in existence if all the nations of the past had left memorials such as the Romans have, and if we could take our class-books afield and read of events there where they actually happened. This thought occurred to me last summer when I was bicycling alone in the wild, unpeopled fell country which still separates England from Scotland, and came almost by chance upon the remains of the great wall which the Emperor Hadrian built to keep those lively gentlemen, the Picts and Scots, out of the Roman province of Britain.

I had read of it before, as every boy has, and traced the long seventy-mile line of that wonderful fortification on my map right across Northumberland from the Atlantic to the Ger-

man Ocean; but it was just a line to me, as it probably is to you. And then all of a sudden that day, miles from even a shepherd's hut, I came upon the splendid ruin zigzagging across hill and vale as far as one could see on either hand, solitary and forgotten, yet impressive even in its decay. It was just as if I had tumbled right out of this humdrum, latter-day world right into the old one of emperors, prefects, centurions, and all the gold and glitter, the splendor and wrong-doing of that great empire which once embraced all the known world.

I forgot the busy life behind me as I jumped from my bicycle and threw myself down, surprised and delighted, in the heather, in the very midst of one of the best-preserved bits of the wall, and let my fancy call into being again all

the incidents of the place. I remembered how the Romans had landed in Britain, and then in long years of endless conflict, while emperors came and went in the far-away city on the Tiber, had pushed their way ever northward with that steady purpose which was their chief characteristic, seizing tract after tract, until at last they arrived here on what was to them the very edge of the world. Beyond lay all modern Scotland, a region then from which even *their* stubborn valor recoiled. Unfortunately for the invaders, the extensive Scotian forests were full of a people who would not surrender and who could not be caught; and after they had grown weary of chasing these naked savages over hills covered in blue mist, the Emperor Agricola recalled all his legionaries within the Northumberland border, and dug the first great ditch to mark the edge of the imperial empire.

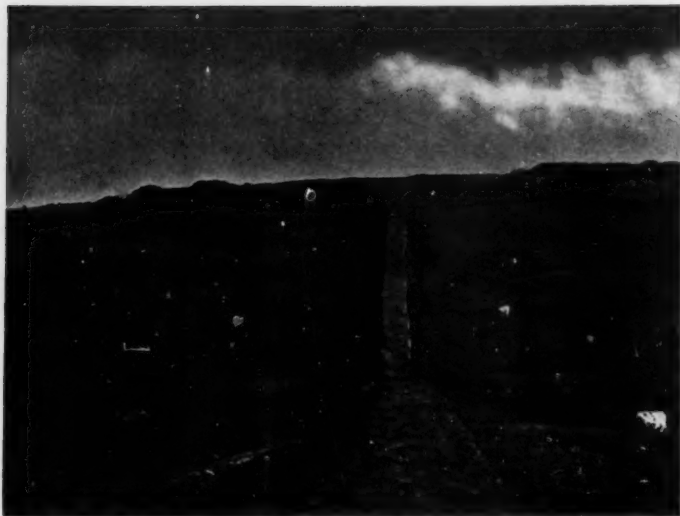
There it was just as his men had left it when history was only beginning, overgrown with grass of coarse and white-flowered brambles in which the linnets build—a great cleft in the moor-side, and a notch against the blue sky

where it climbed over the hilltops to east and west. But little those ramping Picts cared for the sacredness of boundaries; they poured through Agricola's great ditch whenever they



"THEY SWARM UP THE STEEP APPROACH, AND SURGE AGAINST HADRIAN'S BULWARK." (SEE PAGE 21.)

got a chance, and killed and burned right down to Eboricum in middle England. So presently Hadrian came over in turn, and northward by horse and chariot till he was here in the fell-country—a man not to be trifled with, quick,



SITE OF AN OLD ROMAN CAMP UPON A HILL, WITH THE RAMPART LEADING UP TO IT.

dark, and keen, with fierce bright eyes shining out under those penthouse eyebrows you may note in the portraits which his coins bear

in your museum cases. By his orders, it is supposed, they built, eighteen hundred years ago, that wall from Tyne to Solway, over hill and dale, which shines today in the summer sun almost as perfect in places as it was when the last stone was set and fixed, and the hard Roman mortar settled down to withstand all that the Picts and the blows and buffets of eighteen hundred northern winters could do. Eight feet wide at the base, sixteen feet high when it was perfect,

the great wall turned an adamant face to the northward. Not a stoat or a weasel could pass through between the two seas save at some half



RUINS OF A ROMAN STREET OF BARRACKS.

dozen gates placed at intervals of several miles along its course, and each of these portals led directly into military camps, whereof the walls and buildings are still traced by ruins even to-day. Between Hadrian's wall and Agricola's foss to the south of it is a strip of country about a quarter of a mile wide, and it was this the Romans garrisoned with necessary soldiers—tall Belgians, fair-haired Goths, dusky Spaniards, even Africans and Arabs from the outlying provinces of their realm. How the hill sheep must have stared, and the ancestors of those very plovers piping in the solitudes over my head have screamed and wheeled, to see that garrison settle down for its four hundred years of watch and ward, a glittering band of steel and gold across the immensity of the lifeless bogs before and behind it! And when the last mile was finished and Hadrian had gone south again, the life there must have been an almost unendurable monotony, broken by intervals of the wildest excitement.

A few hundred yards away from where I sit is the famous camp of Borocovis, under shelter of the gray rampart which runs up to it on either side, and the nodding fir-trees. You can still see the pretorian's house and the ruined gateway, while the slope below is all in terraces, where the soldiers tried to grow their southern vegetables on the cold northern bogs; and in the dip is a carefully leveled place where they had gladiatorial shows or chariot races. Like all the other troops in the long line of neighboring camps, they got the main part of their supplies overseas from Gaul or Belgium, and if you try hard enough, how easy it is to imagine, there where the military road between ditch and wall comes out of the shadow of oak and hawthorn, the high-sided cattle-wagons with a new season's supplies toiling in from the east. A great event for all those hungry exiles, thirsting for the pleasant things of the south, and, above all, for news of home! The sentinel pacing along the wall in that never-ending tramp of theirs spreads the news, and all the garrison turns out to see them. They wind along the main road, then turn off to the camp itself across the amphitheater and up the hillside until they are at the gate itself and speedily enveloped in a crowd of eager welcomers.

Among all the motley stuff they bring, there is something for everybody. There are letters for the pretorian from Rome itself—always a matter of interest when you never know for certain whether the next communication will announce your election as emperor or order you to get your head cut off! There is a pay-chest for the soldiers—not so heavy as it ought to be; a hundred rolls of crimson cloth from Tyre for buying the good-will of a Pictish chieftain; a few great earthen jars of Cyprus wine, the last survivors of many broken on the journey; two tubs of cockles and limpets from Tyne-mouth, delicacies which always brought great joy to the Roman officers, who love shell-fish above all things; new armor for the mercenaries; more bales of cloth from Arles, and stacks of weapons from Iberian forges; oil for the lamps in the long winter nights; corn and honey, nails, tools, horse-harness, plows, seeds for sowing—everything, in fact, that these military Robinson Crusoes could desire: but no letters for the common soldiers, no newspapers! Those few travel-stained warriors who tramped in behind the convoy are the garrison's postmen and newspapers in one; they are fresh from the Imperial City, and, in an age when gossip was a virtue, it is to them that all go for news; it is they who for the next fortnight will have to sit by twenty camp-fires and pour out for straining ears all the facts and fancies of the great world of Rome.

There is high fun that night by the red blazes when all the stores have been replenished, and all the troopers paid, and the next day, perhaps,—if that letter did indeed bring the pretorian good news,—there are games in honor of the event: chariot races, mimic combats, and wrestling, with games for "the common people." And the next day after that the officers get up a wild-boar hunt down by where Carlisle now stands, and have good sport, as the altars they erected to fallen monarchs of the forest tell us they often had.

What fun they had to make up for all those dull days gone before! How they sampled the good things just come from Tiber, and ate the roasted boar and venison their spears had brought down that day in the forests! As I sit on the hillside opposite, though it all hap-

pened nearly two thousand years ago, I can imagine the shine of the lights at dusk in the little casements all along the walls of the old camp; and the strange shadowy groups about the camp-fires of the soldiers, and the darker outline of the sentinel, whose golden armor catches a twinkle now and then from the flames below as he walks solemnly to and fro against the black northern sky beyond. It is all so real that I fancy I can almost hear their laughing and shouting and the yapping of the dogs quarreling over fragments of the feast—and then! The sentinel halts suddenly in his pacing!

Little do the revelers know what is coming: but the man on the wall stares hard out into the barbarian forest for a minute or two, and then, snatching down a bugle from where it hangs on its nail by his watch-towers, blows a long wailing blast; and at that sound all the merriment dies suddenly out of the Roman camp till not a chirrup is heard where all was noise before. Again the soldier stares hard into the night to make sure, and then sounds the alarm again

with redoubled energy; and as the blast dies away a wild roar of excitement rises from the imperial troopers.

The barbarians are coming!

While two or three horsemen throw themselves upon their ready chargers and go thundering away east and west to warn other garrisons or ask for help, the camp-followers fly to hiding; the fortress gates ring down their stony grooves; doors and windows are hastily barricaded; the centurions swarm out to the walls, buckling swords and armor as they run; and when the cressets flare upon the battlements, a mile up and down each way, they shine on a living line of glittering brass and steel.

Rome is ready!

And none too soon. The Pictish spies have told their countrymen that the strangers feast to-night, and, hoping to catch them unawares, they have come down at dusk,—ten or twelve thousand of them,—and creeping forward in the darkness where a tongue of shadowy forest comes within a quarter of a mile of the wall, were just about to make their rush when the



RUINS OF A ROMAN VILLA AT CILURNUM (NOW CHESTERS), A STATION OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL.



"OVER HILL AND DALE." ANOTHER PART OF THE ROMAN WALL.

sentinel saw them. His warning note started the fierce tribesmen, and here they come across the intervening bog and heather. There is no artillery to check their progress, nothing to do but wait that moment when the short Roman sword can get to work; and it is not long in coming.

The Picts sweep forward like ten thousand wolves; yelling hoarse cries as they run, they swarm up the steep approach, and surge against Hadrian's bulwark as though they would bear it down by their sheer weight. The foremost men carry short lengths of pine-tree, with a foot of each branch still left upon them, and these they slope against the stonework by way of ladders; ten, twenty, thirty are planted, the stormers scrambling up, stabbing and thrusting as they come. Others, with long poles with hooks at the ends, try to crook these over the necks of the Romans and drag them down, and all the while the slings and bowmen pour in a withering storm of missiles on the defenders. Wilder and wilder becomes the uproar—with thousands of men at arm's length fighting for life. The mere rattle of the swords makes a noise like thunder;

the cressets flare and splutter; the great black barbarian flood rises and rises, till at last even the gallant defending legion—"the valorous and ever victorious"—cannot stand that enormous pressure, the golden Roman line parts and reels back, and through the gap the barbarians pour over the wall.

But it is a short-lived triumph. As they come shouting, overbearing along with them in the impetus of their rush scores of Romans, whose armor flashes now and then in the confused midstream of bear- and wolf-skins, the reserves that have been mustering in the shadow of the wall swing round and charge,—that straight, deadly charge, a running wall of linked shields, with the lightning of swords playing above, that settled a thousand disputed questions of ancient history. And it settles the Picts. They halt, and hesitate, and fly; they die under the wall like wolves at bay; they scramble back on to the ramparts, where a wild chaos of struggling forms heaves in the uncertain light; they tumble headlong back among their kindred—those of them who ever get so far. The wall is won

again, and as the exulting shout of the Romans echoes into the hills and startles the red deer in far-away glens and the sleepy kites upon the crags, the Northmen slowly fall back, dragging their wounded with them, and disappear into the forest shadows whence they came.

That is the sort of episode which varied the monotonous lives of those old fighters. But the famous landmark they left behind them is quiet enough now as it shines in the pleasant English sun. I stroll over to it, and there in the crevices of the mortar the little Italian flowers, which

have outlived a great empire and grow nowhere else in the neighborhood, are making the old masonry pleasant with their buds; the larks are building under the forum steps in the camp, the mountain hares playing about the pretorian's ruined doorway; and as I climb into the very gap that was defended so desperately some two thousand years ago, and sit down to eat a sandwich from my shoulder-bag, it is difficult to imagine a lovelier or more stately peace than hangs over that ruined memorial of a great episode in history.



MOTHER GIRAFFE: "CHILDREN, GO TO BED THIS MINUTE! YOU ARE SO SLEEPY NOW THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HOLD YOUR HEADS UP!"



THE KNITTING LESSON.

GRANDMOTHER knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.

"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and off it goes!"

Grandmother's mouth gives a little twitch,
Watching so slyly the eager witch,
Ready to help at the smallest hitch.

"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and there 's the stitch!"

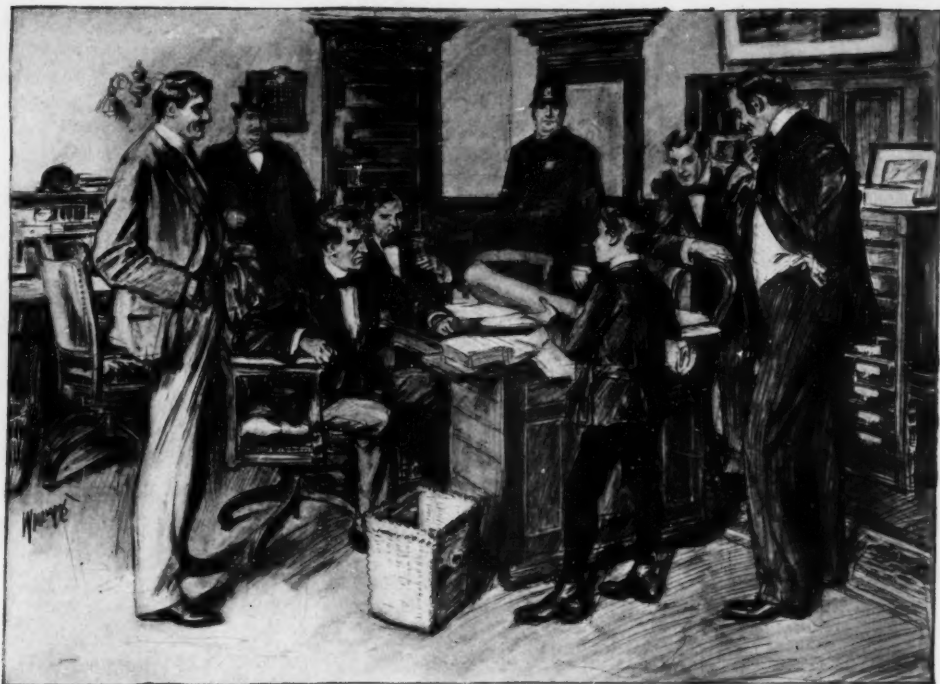
Grandmother sees in a misty dream,
Her eyes still fixed on the needles' gleam,
Pastured flocks and a gurgling stream—
"Grandma! oh, we forgot the seam!"

"Bring the thread forward,
The needle *this* side,
Then over—off—and we 've made the seam."

Grandmother knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.

Mary J. Jacques.





"I 'VE BROUGHT THE PLANS," SAID TED." (SEE PAGE 29.)

TED'S CONTRACT.

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.

"TED, would you like to go to Chicago with father?"

Mr. Bronson stood in the dining-room looking at his small son, who was finishing the last vestige of a second piece of strawberry shortcake.

Ted jumped as though a fire-cracker had been let off beside his ear, and looked questioningly at his mother, who had come in and who was smiling at him. Chicago? Would he like to go? With father? Well, most assuredly! "Yes, sir," he said hastily aloud, slipping promptly off his chair, and making a not altogether successful attempt to use and fold his napkin at the same time.

"We have just half an hour to catch the

train for Grand Haven, Elinor, and we 'll get the boat there," said Mr. Bronson to his wife. "We 'll be in the city early in the morning. I 'll see Wyatt at once, and close the contract, I hope."

"Oh, John, I hope so."

Mrs. Bronson's eyes were shining with pleasure, and even Ted could see the unusual flush in his father's face, and knew that something of moment had occurred — something which made his parents both happy and anxious.

"You will be father's private secretary, Ted," said his mother, laughing. "You must show what a good business man you are, for this trip means a great deal to us all. If father gets this contract it will mean —"

"Don't anticipate, dear," said Mr. Bronson. "We won't count our chickens yet. We'll just hope and try hard to win. Ted will help father to get there on time. We mustn't miss any trains or boats, or we'll be too late and spoil it all."

Ted could dress rapidly — on occasion. That morning he had taken half an hour to put on his school clothes, anticipating only an ordinary day. That noon, with a lake trip to Chicago in prospect, it required but ten minutes for him to get into his best little blue serge suit, to have his tie properly bowed, and his hair parted straight. When he waved his hand in farewell to his mother from the seat in the car bound for the station, she laughed aloud at the quick time he had made.

The trip from Grand Rapids to Grand Haven by train was not new to Ted, who had gone so far on little journeys with his father before. But the steamer trip across Lake Michigan to the big city, of which every Western boy thinks with much admiration, curiosity, or wonder, would be a delightful thing. Besides, this hurried important business trip was exciting and interesting, and Mr. Bronson told Ted all about it on the train.

"It's the plans they want to see," he said, patting a big paper-wrapped roll which lay beside his grip. "They're for a big building in the city, and I hope to get the contract at the directors' meeting, which is to be held to-morrow in Chicago. Of course there are many other architects after it, and that's why it is so important that my plans should get there in time."

"Who is Wyatt, father?" asked Ted, who had remembered the odd name.

"Mr. Wyatt? He is a friend of mine who is a director in the company which is to own the building, and he has seen the plans. He favors my cause, you see, and will do everything he can to help me. He has an office in the Masonic Temple."

Ted was no stranger to city life. His own home town was a live and bustling place, where



"HE DID NOT SLEEP HERE LAST NIGHT," SAID TED. (SEE PAGE 26.)

street traffic was heavy, and buildings rose to what seemed to him huge proportions. He was familiar with rushing cars and cabs and the clanging gongs of fire-engines, police patrols, and ambulances. Boy-like, too, he loved it all, the turmoil and the din, and it was anticipation of a greater degree of all this in the great

metropolis, with many wonders added, which made his heart beat with happy excitement.

The night boats which cross Lake Michigan from Grand Haven to Chicago start from Muskegon, farther up the Michigan shore, and on this particular night the boat Mr. Bronson had expected to take was delayed at the former place. Further cause for delay arose in connection with freight-loading after Ted and his father went on board, and as the hour grew late, Ted, in preparation for the morrow, climbed into his berth and went to sleep while the steamer was still at the wharf in Grand Haven. The last thing he heard before he entered the land of dreams was the closing of the state-room door by his father, who again went out on deck.

It was daylight when Ted awoke, a foggy gray daylight indeed, but unmistakably day. The first thing he noted when he opened his eyes was the dim glimmer at his port-hole, which made him wonder where his big home bedroom window was. Then he felt the pounding throb of the steamer's engines, and heard the rattle of some loose bit of metal somewhere in the state-room.

His eyes brightened and widened as he turned over on his side, looking curiously about and listening eagerly. It was very still all about, except for the engine's pounding and a delicious hiss and splash of water outside, which instantly brought to his mind a vivid picture of the racing waves and the plowing steamer. He could feel the rise and fall and roll of the vessel, and a sudden exultant pleasure in it all made him sit up and laugh aloud.

The sound of his own laugh seemed very noisy to Ted. He dropped down upon the pillow again, wondering if he had disturbed any other sleepers. He listened to note whether he could hear his father's breathing in the lower berth, and then he crept to the edge of his bunk and peered over and down into the bed below.

It was empty! The covers were smoothly laid. It had not been slept in!

Ted's eyes opened wide in wonder. What was this? Where was his father? Had he slept alone in the state-room all night? If so, what did that mean? Surely his father would not sit out on deck all night. He clambered over the edge of his berth and dropped to the floor. The rough rug felt strange to his bare

feet, and seemed to add to a sudden growing feeling of loneliness which was coming over him. He reached for his clothes and began hustling into them at his fastest pace. When he was dressed, he opened the state-room door timidly and peered out.

A very big man in a blue uniform, with gold bands on cap and sleeves, was just passing. "Hello there, early bird!" he said to Ted, with a jovial wink which suited his round, red, jolly sort of face.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked Ted, promptly taking courage.

"Your father, youngster?" asked the purser, stopping. "I don't. Maybe I have n't the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"He did n't sleep here last night," said Ted, backing into his room and pointing to the berth.

The purser glanced inside, and then he looked at the boy questioningly. "What does your father look like, son?" he asked gently.

"He's big, with a brown beard," replied Ted, watching the officer's face anxiously.

The purser extended his hand to the boy. "Come on," he said. "We'll look for him."

They did look. First the purser sent Ted running to various likely places; then the officer himself took up the search. After that, as the quest had been fruitless, the steward was called in, and cabin-boys and waiters were summoned, questioned, and then they joined the hunt. Of course it did not take long to search the steamer thoroughly. But no one found Mr. Bronson.

The purser told Ted in as cheery a manner as he could, explaining that the father must have gone ashore and been left behind, and he treated the matter as a joke for Ted to laugh at. But Ted's heart, which had been steadily sinking, seemed to go into the very soles of his shoes. Though he could see the reasonableness of the purser's theory, he could not quiet his own fright and anxiety, and certainly he could not laugh. When the search was over, he went back to his state-room, and sat down on the edge of the lower berth in misery greater than he had ever known before, despite the purser's promise to take care of him. He was too thoroughly alarmed to cry, even if he would have allowed himself that indulgence at all. What should he do? What had happened to his

father? Where should he go in the city till his father could come for him? How was he to get anything to eat?

The questions raced through his brain in helter-skelter fashion, and received no reasonable reply. Then suddenly one question rose in his mind which shut out all the rest so quickly that he forgot them instantly.

What about the plans?

Those precious plans! There they were at the foot of the berth, just where his father had put them. They were to have gone this morning to the man with the queer name in the Masonic Temple who was to get the contract for father.

Ted's heart almost stood still. He remembered his mother's shining eyes, his father's flushed face, when they had spoken of the hope for this contract. He remembered what his father had said about the importance of being on time for the directors' meeting.

He sat up very straight on the edge of the berth, and stared at the roll of plans, while he thought intently. Then he suddenly slid off the bed and went on deck.

It was a strange sight that met his eyes. There lay the great city directly before them, only a little distance away. It was very, very big. It stretched far, far away in each direction. But oh, how different from what Ted had expected! How dark it was! Fog and smoke and steam everywhere hung in great masses above it. Tall buildings stretched themselves up into the mist till their tops were lost in it. The lake shore to the north and south faded away under its shadow, and the streets were only dimly discernible through the murk.

As they drew nearer, the cloud seemed to settle down more and more closely. When they entered the mouth of the river, it was as though the whole morning sky had been shut out and the air was hot and sultry and stifling.

Ted's anxiety deepened despite the new strange scenes and atmosphere, perhaps because of them. Almost a hundred miles of water lay behind him — between him and his father, his mother. Here he was alone, friendless, unknown and unknowing, without money, without a place to go, entering a big, strange city, where he must —

A roaring whistle which deafened him and

seemed almost to lift him from his feet with its tremendous vibrations burst out upon the air behind him. The buildings on either side sent back bellowing echoes, till he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the painful blows the sound-waves seemed to strike. They were in the river now. Other whistles were blowing, bridges were swinging, tugs were scudding about, rooting up the dirty, greasy surface of the stream with their black noses like so many little pigs in a mud-puddle. The big steamer swung up to her dock amid a babel of shouts and the noise of hawsers sliding over decks; there was a rattle of chains, and the hollow bump of the gang-plank; and Ted brought up his grip and the roll of plans, and went to the purser.

A tall policeman was the first person to cross the plank when it was run out, and he crossed from shore to steamer. In his hand he held a yellow sheet, and the moment he saw Ted with the purser he came directly up to them.

"You 've a runaway kid here, purser," he said, looking hard at Ted and handing the telegram to the boat officer.

Ted stared. The purser took the telegram and read it aloud:

"CHIEF OF POLICE, CHICAGO: Find boy on steamer "Queen," of line from Grand Haven, arriving Chicago 9 A.M. Has small grip and papers. Hold boy at headquarters till I arrive by day-boat.

"JOHN BRONSON."

"That puts a different light on it," said the purser, looking sharply at Ted. "What did you run away for, son?"

"I did n't run away," said Ted. Surprise, then indignation, rose within him. The hot tears started to his eyes. How could they so interpret the message? It did not say he had run away. He started to protest, but the policeman reached down and took the grip which Ted was holding, and then took his hand firmly.

Ted's whole soul rose in resentment. He had not run away. He had done nothing in any way reprehensible. He would not be taken in hand thus as a truant. His father had certainly not intended it.

But the policeman's grip was strong, and to attempt escape was as useless as though his big

hand were a steel trap. Ted waited, thinking rapidly.

One consideration was more important than all others. If the delivery of the plans to Mr. Wyatt were so important as to cause his father to plan this sudden rush to Chicago, and to justify the look of hope and anxiety which his mother's face had shown, Ted was certain that those plans ought to be delivered. He suddenly remembered his mother's little joke about his being father's private secretary. Here he was in Chicago,—alone, to be sure, but not entirely helpless,—and here were the plans. *He would deliver them.*

The consciousness of new responsibility assumed caused him to straighten his shoulders as he walked up from the wharf beside the officer. Presently he stopped and tugged at the policeman's hand. "I must go on errand for my father," he said.

"Is that so?" said the officer, turning and grinning down at him. "I s'pose ye come across the lake fer that, did ye?"

"I did," asserted Ted. "Father started with me, but got left by the boat."

"Humph!" The policeman laughed. "You're goin' to headquarters," he replied.

"I won't!" cried Ted. He made a sudden wrench to free himself; but the officer's giant hand closed upon his fingers with such a crushing force that he cried aloud with pain.

"Now be good, will ye?" said the officer. "I did n't mean to hurt ye, but you're goin' with me."

Ted quieted down. He had plenty of good sense, and, though he was rebellious enough, he knew that he must change his tactics.

They passed up through a street that was full of heavy traffic—big three-horse teams laboriously pulling wide trucks loaded with immense burdens of barrels and boxes. The wheels made unceasing clatter over the paving-stones. A block ahead Ted could see the huge iron trestle of an elevated road, and trains were driving in both directions around the curve which led from a cross-street, the straining wheels pulling a ringing note from the rails, like the prolonged tone of a brazen bell. The roar of the streets began to awe him. It was different from what he had expected. The noise

was ceaseless; the stream of people and of vehicles was continuous. Pushing, busting, driving—all that he had looked for; but there was a sudden sense of loneliness upon him, a feeling that he had no friend in all the great throng, which was quite new to him. The policeman he considered only an enemy. At the corners the truck-drivers seemed to be trying to ride him down. People brushed against him, and passed on without looking. The motormen of the cable cars jangled their harsh, dull-sounding gongs, and drove their three-car trains around the curves with what appeared reckless disregard of the people, who seemed barely to escape each time.

Ted's heart sank lower. Everything about him was utterly strange—so different from his home in the Michigan city; and everything was wholly against him. How was he to accomplish his object, to find Mr. Wyatt, to deliver the plans on time?

He bit his lip to keep down the tears. He must. He alone could help his father now. He would—he would! Nothing should stop him. He would deliver the plans to Mr. Wyatt, and do all he could to forward his father's interests in this crisis. He would not be a baby or a coward. He would fight it out, and no one should prevent him. He set his teeth again to crush out the desperate sense of failure and to hold his oozing courage. His head ached, and he was sick with excitement and anxiety, and hungry now, for he had had no breakfast. He looked about him with a last unhappy effort.

"Where is the Masonic Temple?" he asked abruptly of the officer.

The policeman grinned, turned, and pointed across the street, where Ted saw a big brown building, in and out of the doors of which the people were swarming like bees at a hive.

"Take me over there," said the boy, with quick pleading. "It's only a step. Take me there, and you'll find a man who will know I'm telling you the truth. I did n't run away; but I must take these plans to Mr. Wyatt this morning, or it will be too late. Oh, I must! I must! Don't refuse me, please—please! I'll do anything—go to jail—anything afterward. Take me over there."

Ted's voice was very earnest, and his eyes

shone with a light which affected the big officer more than his words.

"Sure, you're a little duffer to run away," he muttered half above his breath. "Plans, is it? Who? Wyatt? Well, it's just across there. Well, well, don't cry, you know."

He looked across at the Temple building and considered. "Who is your pa, young un?" he asked, after a moment.

"He's Mr. John Bronson, of Grand Rapids,

and a moment later the boy was rushing up in one of the semicircle of cars toward an upper floor, scarcely able to realize the sudden change in his fortunes.

The room was full of men when Ted opened the door to which he had been directed, and he was very much embarrassed when they all stopped talking and looked at him. The big officer filled the doorway behind him and cut off his retreat, if he had thought of retreat; but

he did n't, even in the face of wondering, curious looks.

"Mr. Wyatt?" he asked, flushing painfully, but holding his head up bravely.

A little man with very bright brown eyes turned from a chair by a desk. "Right here," he said, smiling.

"I've brought the plans which the new building is going to be built from," said Ted, his heart beating till it hurt him.

Mr. Wyatt looked at him in surprise. Then suddenly one of the other gentlemen laughed, and a moment later all the rest joined in heartily. Even Ted's policeman grinned.

"You've got ahead of us, son," said one very fat gentleman in a high silk hat. "We were still dissatisfied with all the plans we have so far. But what is your name, and where do you come from with such news?"

The other men laughed again, but Ted told them his name and his story straight out. They laughed again, more than once; but when Mr. Wyatt had told them who Ted's father's was, the fat man, who was called Captain Clarke, and who seemed to be a very important per-



"'YOU'VE A RUNAWAY KID HERE, PURSER,' SAID THE POLICEMAN." (SEE PAGE 27.)

Michigan. He's an architect; he makes plans for buildings."

"Oh!" said the officer. "Well, it can't harm ye to go there, I s'pose." He was looking down at the boy with quizzical amusement in his eyes, but with a certain approval of the little fellow's persistence, too, and — was it sympathy?

A moment later they had threaded their way across the roaring street and entered the great corridor. An inquiry from the elevator-starter,

sonage, suddenly slapped his knee and said good-humoredly: "Maybe he's right. Maybe he's right. Perhaps these *are* the plans we'll build from. Let's have 'em, son. You're just in time; and if these plans are as good as Wyatt says, we'll give your father the contract; and he deserves it, if we may judge from his boy."

A great deal that Ted did n't understand followed—an argument of several minutes, through which he sat by a window, watching the street below, and wondering if he would get anything to eat that day.

Then at last Mr. Wyatt came to him, and taking him by the hand, asked him if he was hungry; and then, after having the officer telephone to headquarters for permission to leave the boy with Mr. Wyatt, with the understanding that that gentleman would be responsible to the police department, and produce him if necessary, he took the boy to a little delicious early luncheon at a big restaurant, where Ted lost his headache and became happier. And then he went back to Mr. Wyatt's office, where he stretched out on a big leather couch in an inner room and slept the long afternoon through.

Mr. Wyatt took him to the docks that night to meet the boat and his father; and when the big steamer made her landing, Mr. Bronson clasped a very happy though tearful little son in

his arms, while he himself was so glad to find the boy safe that he forgot all about the plans and the failure, to which he had been trying to reconcile himself, while he told Ted with much self-blame how he had been left by the steamer through having gone ashore on an errand and having mistaken the time for returning.

And then Mr. Bronson turned, supposing a police officer had brought Ted to the dock; but, instead, he found Mr. Wyatt, who put out his hand and said quickly: "Congratulations, Bronson! The boy has won the day for you. Your plans were approved and accepted."

"How—what?" exclaimed Mr. Bronson.

And then Mr. Wyatt told the whole tale. "Of course we liked the plans, you know," he said at the end, "but the boy cinched the decision; for Captain Clarke took an immense fancy to his having come away over here alone, and having the nerve to deliver the plans even in spite of the officer—in spite of his fright and going all morning without any breakfast. He really likes the plans; but he likes the boy, too, and he says it's the boy's contract."

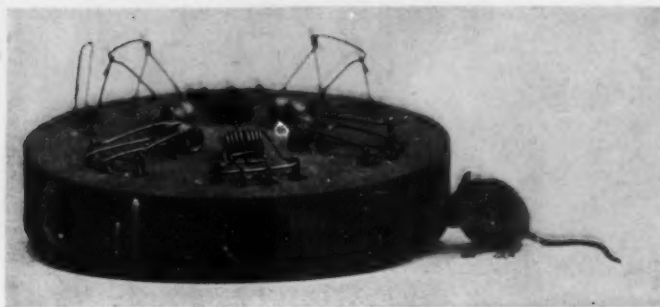
"Well, I guess it is, Wyatt," said Mr. Bronson, holding his little son's hand tightly. "I guess it's Ted's contract, for I would have missed it, sure."

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OBSERVATION.

(A Nonsense Rhyme from the French.)

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

WHEN three hens go a-walking, they
Observe this order and array:
The first hen walks in front, and then
Behind her walks the second hen,
While, move they slow or move they fast,
You find the third hen walking last.



THE CUNNING MOUSE.

BY HECTOR ROSENFELD.

A TINY mouse on pleasure bent,
Of human wiles all innocent,
Away from home exploring went.

Allured by Biddy's tempting bait,
Designed its greed to stimulate,
It started to investigate.

"What 's this I see?" Miss Mousey cried,
As soon as she the trap espied.
"A cunning house with cheese inside!

"I think I 'll take a little bite;
But wait!" she said, with sudden fright;
"I 'm not quite sure that it 's all right.

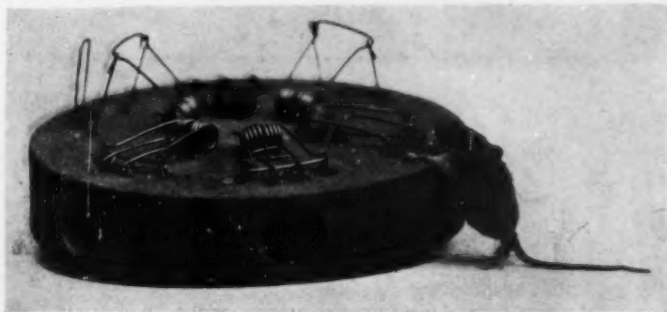
"It may be like those horrid traps
That mother warned me of, perhaps,
And when you nibble, it quickly snaps.

"So first of all, I 'll climb on top
And pull the catch to make it drop,
And when that 's safe then down I 'll hop."

And this was how the little bandit
Secured her prize, contrived to land it —
And Biddy could n't understand it.

MORAL.

In courting danger it were fit
That we employ both care and wit,
Lest we should prove the biter bit.





"AS THE DAINTY ONE PASSED, SHE GAVE MILLIE A GENTLE,
THOUGHTFUL GLANCE." (SEE PAGE 35.)

TWO LITTLE NEW YORK MAIDS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"You 'LL have to bring my dinner two blocks farther to-day, Millie."

"Have they moved you, daddy?"

"Yes; to the Thirtieth Street crossing. And you'd better start a bit earlier, Millie, so as to be in time. Our noons seem short enough, and the foreman's watch won't wait."

The little girl hesitated in her dish-washing.

"Daddy," she began. But just then the baby commenced to whimper and wriggle in his rickety high chair, and she turned to soothe him. Her father waited a little restlessly.

"What is it, Millie? I must be going, you know. Don't forget that foreman's watch."

The baby was comforted with his string of spools. Millie looked up anxiously.

"Daddy, can't I hurry instead of starting earlier? I mean, if I get there in time?"

"But how can you hurry with a baby and a dinner-pail? It's too bad a little girl like you has to carry that big child so far. Why don't you let me take my dinner, Millie? At least, until mama gets well enough to care for baby."

"Oh, but I want you to have it hot, daddy. And I like to take baby along. Baby likes it, too, and always laughs when *she* goes by. And we won't meet her if we go any sooner."

John Fredlin's face had a puzzled look on it.

"Who, Millie? Who is it you won't meet? But never mind, now, honey. You can tell me when you come. Hurry, if you want to, only be careful of baby, and don't be late."

The big man stooped to kiss the little girl of eleven, so faithful in her care of his poor household. She flung her arms about his neck.

"We won't be late, daddy. We won't be late—will we, baby?" And turning, she hugged the fat little bunch of health, who hammered his string of spools on the table in front of him, and jumped and crowed in her arms.

John Fredlin stepped to the door of their other small, dim room, and softly tiptoed across to the bed in the farther corner.

"I'm going now, Carrie," he said. "Is there anything I can bring when I come?"

"No, John, nothing; unless you can bring me fresh air and sunshine and green grass."

The woman's voice was feeble and perhaps a little fretful from long illness. The man touched his lips to her forehead.

"I can't bring those," he said, "but I will take you to them, I hope, soon. It's getting spring. I saw trees with green buds on them as I passed the park yesterday. I think I can surely find a place in the country now."

He pressed the thin hand that lay in his, and hurried away, down four long, dark flights of littered stairs to the noisy, crowded, ill-smelling avenue of New York City's East Side.

John Fredlin's heart grew heavier as he pushed his way along and remembered his little family. Less than a year before he had been a gardener on a pretty farm just beyond the suburbs, with a cottage all to himself, a wife well and happy, broad fields where their little girl could play, and a pretty brick school-house where she was always first in her classes.

Then, one day, the owner of the place decided to raise flowers for market, with a little shop in the city. The keeping of this shop he offered to John Fredlin, who believed it to be his chance in life. But, alas! we cannot know how things may turn. The shop did not pay at first, and just when it was beginning to do better, the owner of the little farm died, and it passed into other hands. The shop was closed, winter was near, and John Fredlin was without work. Nobody wanted a gardener or farm help of any kind at that season. Nobody seemed to want help of any sort. Week after week went by, and money ran very low. The Fredlins moved twice, each time to a cheaper place. Then baby came, Mrs. Fredlin grew ill, and the doctors and medicine took what little money remained. But the sick woman needed the things that are given free,—when you can live where they are to be found,—sunlight and

fresh air. John Fredlin had obtained employment, at last, as a laborer on a great piece of public work, and Millie, who became his brave housekeeper, cook, and nurse all in one, had brought him his noon meal, with news of the sick woman at home. Now winter was over. As he passed Gramercy Park, that place of spacious and quiet homes so short a distance from his own squalid street, he saw that the buds were larger and greener than yesterday. He must advertise at once for a place in the country. He wondered how he would spare the money. They would do without something else. The place they must have. That was the thing most needed now.

Millie, left behind, finished her morning duties, and put on to cook the simple things that were for her father's dinner. Now and then she would slip in to see if her mother were asleep, or to show her the baby and exchange a word of comfort. There was something, oh, a great deal, that she would have liked to tell her mother, for they had been always such sweet companions; but the doctor had said that her mother must have quiet, so Millie did not say many words to her, nor go in often. Most of the time—for the baby was likely to be noisy—she kept the door closed between.

The thing she was eager to tell her mother had been in her heart several days. It was one of the things that come into our lives all at once, and seem nothing at all, at first, until somehow or other we suddenly find we cannot get along well without them. It was this that had made her wish to start at the usual time, even if she had to hurry very fast afterward to avoid being late with her father's dinner. She would tell him all about it while he rested and ate. Millie drifted into a sweet day-dream which came often to her now, a dream in which she and that other one were somewhere together in green fields, with mama and daddy and the baby, and all through some brave deed that she, Millie, had done—some quick courageous act such as she had read of poor children doing for rich ones, thus earning happiness for all. Oh, if she might only do a thing like that! How willingly she would rush into fire, or fling herself at the bridles

of a runaway team! She imagined herself doing these things, and pictured it all so vividly that her hands moved faster and her cheeks burned with the excitement of it all. By and by she realized that time was passing, and that she must go with her father's dinner. Presently she had packed a tin pail with the hot, smoking food and was ready. Then she tied on baby's little cap, which she kept fresh and clean, and taking him on her arm, with the pail in her other hand, she stepped softly into her mother's room.

The sick woman was awake, and laid her thin hand on Millie's sturdy brown arm.

"My brave little girl," she said—"my dear, brave girl! What would we do without you?"

Millie kissed the white hand, and bent over so that it could touch the baby's cheek. Oh, she was glad to be called brave! Her mother could not have given her greater reward. If only she might have a chance to show them how brave she could be! It seemed nothing to her to cook and to tend the little rooms and care for baby. She was willing to do so much more—to dare the flames or wild horses for the sake of that other one who would make them all happy as a reward. But all the way down the wretched stairs and along the loud, jostling streets she remembered how sweet her mother's words had sounded.

It was not far to Gramercy Park. Millie had noted the time as she came away, and knew that she need not hurry—not yet. After she had passed the park, then she would fairly fly. She was strong, and her bare feet were so light. Perhaps that other one had never known what it was to step without shoes on the cool, smooth pavement or the soft, yielding grass that Millie had loved so well. Millie wished that together they might skip with bare feet across the fresh green meadows. Perhaps that other one would not be allowed to do it. She was so dainty and fine, and the old grim one with her so severe. Remembering the fine daintiness of that other, Millie looked down on her own slender feet and wished they were covered. She had hardly thought of that at first. But then, she had thought so much since that first day less than a week ago! The dainty one had become a part of her life since then.

She was entering Gramercy Park now at

Twentieth Street, and her eyes eagerly looked through and beyond the iron railing. Once she had met them coming out of the park; other times they had been walking on the pavement just outside. Millie thought they came here for a morning airing. As she neared Twenty-first Street the little girl's face became anxious. What if her clock had been wrong and she was too soon or too late? Then all at once, far to the other end, there was a gleam of white. An instant later Millie was at the corner. Oh, then her heart beat very fast; for there, under the trees, just turning the further corner, was that other little girl, with the grim one, the nurse, who was always at her side. Dainty and fine? Yes, indeed, she was all that. From the bewitching hat of chiffon and ribbons to the speckless white dress, gay parasol, and trim stockings and ties, she was so perfect and wonderful that Millie, watching her as she drew near, could hardly breathe with the marvel of it all. And then her face, with those long curls of gold about it—it seemed to Millie the face of an angel. Millie did not realize that her own sweet oval features, with her darker hair gathered in a knot at the back, might be beautiful, too. She forgot herself entirely. She forgot the black-gowned grim one who walked so stiffly and sternly beside her vision. She forgot even the baby until they were almost near enough to pass, and then she saw that, as usual, it was at the baby more than at her that the other was looking, and she felt the baby suddenly turn and cuddle to her shoulder for safety. Then the dainty one had passed, but as she did so she gave Millie a gentle, thoughtful glance that made her heart grow warm. Perhaps if it had not been for the grim one that rare creature with the angel face might have given her a word. Millie thought she would do anything for a single word from that vision of loveliness. But now she must hurry. She arrived just as the clocks were striking and her father was laying down his shovel.

"Why, Millie, child, you're all out of breath," he said. "You ought not to run like that. It is n't good for you, with such a load, and it is n't safe. Now tell me why you did n't want to start so you could have taken your time."

So, sitting by her father on a little pile of

bricks, Millie told him of her first meeting with the beautiful dainty child and her grim nurse nearly a week before. Also, how she had met them every day since, and how the dainty one had always turned to look at baby. But she did not tell him of the fire and wild horses of her day-dreams. She was afraid he would not believe in them. Besides, she wanted all that to be a surprise when it came. As for John Fredlin, he listened rather sadly, saying little. He knew that such people as the dainty one were far from their lives. Soon she would be going to the country—to some great place where there were hills and meadows and bright water. She would never know what it was to be shut up in two poor rooms and toil as Millie toiled, with a sick mother and a baby to care for. If she had looked at them it had been only out of pity; but if she did not see them to-morrow it would make no difference, while to Millie it had already become so much that she had run until she was ready to drop for the sake of that single passing glance. John Fredlin was not envious or bitter, but, looking at the sweet, faithful little girl beside him, he yearned to be able to buy her pretty clothes and to give her a childhood among happy things.

"Millie," he said presently, "I would n't run to-morrow. I'd start earlier."

"But I won't see her, daddy, if I do that. She's always by the park just before twelve."

"I know, honey. But it don't do any good to see her. I mean she don't care for us, and it's not a good thing for you to care, either. Forget all about her, honey."

It was hard for John Fredlin to say this, but he believed it best for Millie. He knew her quick little mind and her hungry little heart.

"You'll start earlier to-morrow, won't you, Millie?"

"Yes, daddy."

"That's my girl. Run home, now—walk, I mean. Don't run any more with baby."

"Yes, daddy."

The little girl could not say any more. She would begin crying if she did.

Faithful to her word, Millie next day left the house earlier. As she passed along the park, her eyes wandered hungrily to the inclosure. When the park was behind her and she had turned

into the avenue beyond, her eyes were blurred so that she could hardly have seen her, had they met face to face. Her poor little dreams were all broken now; she could never brave the fire or the wild horses, and they would never skip together across the sweet meadows of summer-time. The tears came faster and faster until they were streaming down her cheeks, and she would have cried aloud had there been nobody to see her. Perhaps because of her sorrow, she did not realize or see that she was at the Twenty-third Street crossing—that terrible crossing where trolley-cars and carriages and heavy teams are mingling and crowding all day long. Millie does not remember now. She only remembers that suddenly she heard a piercing scream, and then felt a hand—not a big, heavy hand, but a hand small and light—seize her arm and pull her aside and back to the pavement, while she clutched the baby and the dinner-pail, and saw, through her tears, a crowded, clanging car sweep by, the motor-man wildly twisting at the brake, the passengers straining to see. The light hand still clutched her arm, and, faint and trembling, Millie turned to thank the one who had saved her life and baby's. Then she gave a little heart-cry.

"Oh, it was you! It was *you* who did it! Oh, I did so want it to be *me*!"

From the excitement and shock of it all, she felt weak and began to totter. Perhaps she would have fallen, but the grim one who stood on the pavement just behind took the baby, who did not seem to know that anything was wrong, and laid her other hand on Millie's shoulder, while the dainty one took the pail and still held fast to Millie's arm.

"We will take you home," she said. "You must tell us where you live."

"But I cannot—I cannot go home until I have taken my father his dinner. I can go now all right. I thank you—yes, of course I thank you. But oh, I wanted it to be the other way!" And Millie's eyes were streaming again.

They did not understand. The grim one said: "We will go with you to where your father works. I suppose it is not very far away."

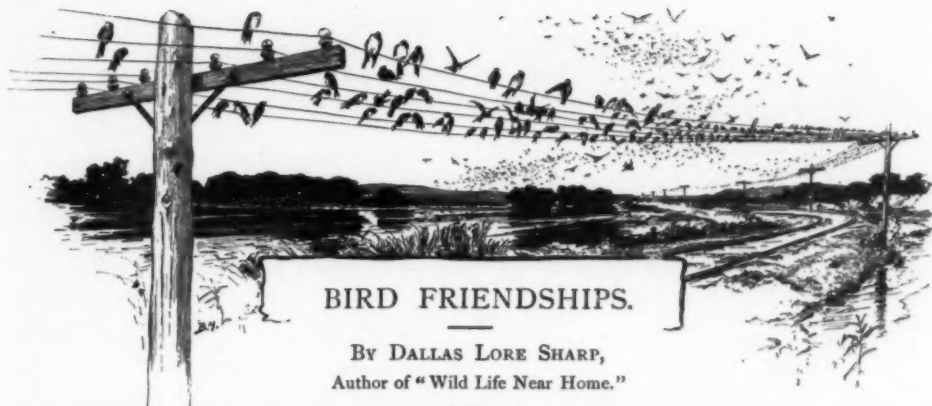
It was no use to protest. The grim one was

quite stern, and even the dainty one was firm. And the grim one carried baby on one side, and the dainty one swung the pail on the other, while Millie walked between. It was seven blocks, and the two questioned her, as they walked, about her home, and her mother, and all. And they were so friendly, even the grim one, that Millie told them everything. And then the dainty one, who said her name was Ellen, told her how, a year before, she had lost a little baby brother, who had loved to cuddle down to her shoulder just as baby always did on Millie's; and how she had loved to meet them because of that. Then, being near to where her father was waiting, they gave her the baby and the pail and said good-by.

But that evening a carriage came into the crowded East Side street, and a fine gentleman climbed the narrow dark stairs that led to John Fredlin's two poor but neat rooms. He was Ellen's father, he said, and when John Fredlin tried to thank him for the bravery of his little daughter in saving two dear lives, he only laughed and said that Ellen was always doing things for people, and told how they had to send the grim one with her to keep her from bringing home every baby she saw. And then he said that he had a home in the country where Ellen was going for the summer. Then he added that a gardener was needed out there, and he wondered if John Fredlin would take the place. His country home was on Long Island Sound, he said, with big green fields and woods, and the boats always sailing by. And he said that Ellen, being the only child, sometimes found it rather lonely out there, and would be glad to have Millie and baby for company. Would they go?

And Millie, who sat near, thought this must be really a dream. Why, it was as if she and not the dainty one had been the hero. It was always the other way in the stories.

Dear Millie, it is like a dream indeed—a pretty, sunny cottage above the water, your mother well and singing at her work, and baby tumbling in the grass. And here is Ellen at the gate, bringing a new toy to baby, and ready for a romp across the green meadows. Yes, it is like a dream, a sweet dream come true.



BIRD FRIENDSHIPS.

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP,
Author of "Wild Life Near Home."

IT is not the sight of mere numbers that interests us as the "gathering swallows twitter in the skies," but rather the gathering itself, and the twittering — the feeling of kinship and common interest which we see in their flocking. They are apparently social creatures; and social feelings are human. By so much are we and the swallows one.

It is a very pleasing quality in bird nature, this friendliness which leads them to flock; and it seems sometimes to be a deeper, more human feeling than mere bird-of-a-feather interest — something close akin to friendship.

The autumn flocking of the swallows and the blackbirds, while far from meaning friendship, means a great deal more indeed than polite sociability, a drawing-room gathering.

There seem to be such functions in birddom. A very select and unspotted company of crows in my neighborhood meet frequently throughout late summer and in the autumn, for no other reason, apparently, than the pleasure of one another's society. They are as decorous as they are select, usually, though not always.

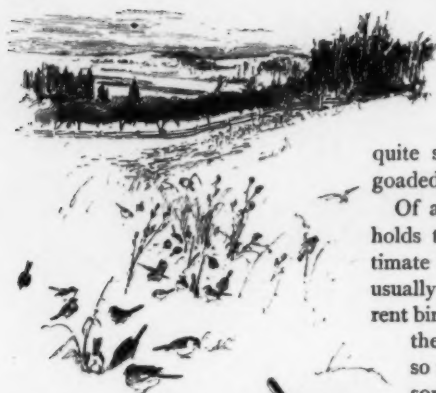
One day I will see them sitting about in the top of a great solitary white oak beyond the meadow and talking quietly. Gossip running short, they adjourn to the meadow below for an equally quiet feed along the little river. Another day I will hear them boisterously caw-cawing in a very gale of good time. There is fun a-wing. Somebody is "it." Suddenly into the air they scatter, and up, in the tumbling, whirling confusion of some game, all cawing at the top of their lungs. I am not versed in crow

sports, but this looks and sounds very much like the joyous pandemonium of a college football contest. On yet another day the loud cawing will be furious and angry. Anybody can tell when a crow is angry. If I wait, now, I am pretty certain to see the whole elect company drumming a red-tailed hawk or a blundering barred owl out of the neighborhood.

They are an exclusive lot, these cories, and highly sociable. As far as I can make out, however, they flock for the mere pleasure of it. They are friendly, but hardly show real friendship.

It is somewhat different with the swallows and many of the migrants. The same friendly class feelings draw the swallows together as draw the crows. A swallow is a swallow. But migrating swallows are often not all of one feather. I have frequently seen barn, bank, and tree swallows together, and with them, in one moving flock, king-birds, martins, swifts, and chippies. All of these, in a general way, were of the same mind, liking and disliking the same things. But, what was far more, at these migration-times they were all of the same purpose: all going a journey, a journey full of hardships and pleasures, common alike to every one upon the road.

In traveling this long unguarded highway mere feather distinctions are likely to disappear. Mutual need and good-fellowship prevail. It is enough to be a bird, any kind of a well-disposed bird, going this southern journey. For how does one migrating bird differ from another? He does not sing now, nor wear his



fine feathers, nor do a hundred things that in the summer made him sufficient unto himself. He just travels, and takes what comes, and the more to share it all, the merrier. A common interest draws them together. They are not a flock, but a company; not swallows and swifts merely: they are bird pilgrims, of many feathers.

Perhaps this camaraderie of the pilgrimage never reaches down to real friendship. But what about that fellow-feeling which is brought out by the stress of winter? This must come very near to friendship. A lean, hungry winter makes close comrades among the birds. They will all flock then. The only solitary, defiant bird I meet in the winter is the great northern shrike. What a forward, stiff-necked sinner he is! But how superb! No cheeping, no cowering, no huddling together for him. How I hate and admire him!

But birds that have hearts in their breasts, though they were as foreigners to one another in the summer, nesting in regions far apart, will flock during the long deep snows and hard weather. Every winter I see mixed bands of goldfinches, juncos, and tree-sparrows whirling over the snow, the goldfinches leading — all of them in search of grass and seedy weed-heads. Chickadees, kinglets,

and nuthatches will *yank-yank, tee-tee, and phree-be* by the hour together, apparently to their great consolation and mutual support.

This misery-made companionship, though real and helpful at the time, is doubtless not quite self-forgetful enough to be called friendship. A goaded friendship must lack much of friendship's virtue.

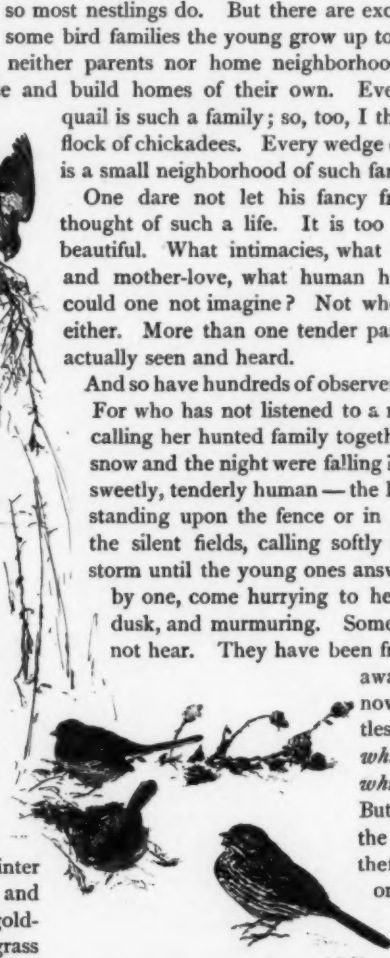
Of a different quality entirely seems the feeling that holds the broods of certain birds together in a real, intimate family life. Family life among the birds? We usually think of the nestlings as being led out by the parent birds and fed until they learn to forage for themselves, then scattering, each going its separate way. And so most nestlings do. But there are exceptions. In some bird families the young grow up together, leaving neither parents nor home neighborhood until they mate and build homes of their own. Every covey of quail is such a family; so, too, I think, is every flock of chickadees. Every wedge of wild geese is a small neighborhood of such families.

One dare not let his fancy free with the thought of such a life. It is too dangerously beautiful. What intimacies, what brother-love and mother-love, what human home scenes, could one not imagine? Not wholly imagine, either. More than one tender passage I have actually seen and heard.

And so have hundreds of observers, doubtless.

For who has not listened to a mother quail calling her hunted family together when the snow and the night were falling? It is most sweetly, tenderly human — the little mother, standing upon the fence or in the snow of the silent fields, calling softly through the storm until the young ones answer and, one by one, come hurrying to her out of the dusk, and murmuring. Some of them do not hear. They have been frightened far

away. Louder now she whistles: *whir-rl-le, whir-r-rl-le, whir-r-r-rl-le*. But there is only the faint purr of the falling snow, only darkness and the silent ghostly fields.



Like little children the covey will sometimes dream or be disturbed by some sound half heard in their sleep. I have been near when the mother soothed them. A covey lives down the bushy hillside, just beneath the house. Coming up from the meadow one September night, I passed close to their roost, and stopped in the moonlight just beyond. Off across the meadow the hounds were baying on the trail of a fox. They were coming fast toward me. As they broke into the open on the hills beyond the meadow, I heard a movement among the quails, then a low murmuring. The cry of the hounds was disturbing the brood; they were uneasy and restless: and the mother was stilling their fears, murmuring something low and soft to reassure them.

They quieted at once; and it was well. A moment later, up the narrow path by the side of which they were sleeping trotted the fox. Upon seeing me he paused, and so close to them that

their slightest stir would have been caught by his keen, quick ears.

So throughout the winter and far into the spring they live together, an intimate, happy family—more intimate and happier, perhaps, than many human families. For see what a number of children there are! It is significant, is it not, that only large bird families apparently know the joy of family life?

Even here among the quail there may be no real love and friendship, no affection, no sharing among the children. But there must be true mother-love in the breast of such a mother bird as this. Then why not in the children?

Interpret it as we please, with or without sentiment, we cannot deny the existence of this family life among the birds.

The need of guidance, of food and protection, may explain it in the case of the migrating geese; but this is not enough for the quail and chickadee families.

THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

BY W. C. McCLELLAND.

THE crow made the announcement,
And the owl with his "tu-whoo,"
That the birds should come
At the pheasant's drum,
And the woodpecker's "tat-tattoo,"
His echoing, loud tattoo.

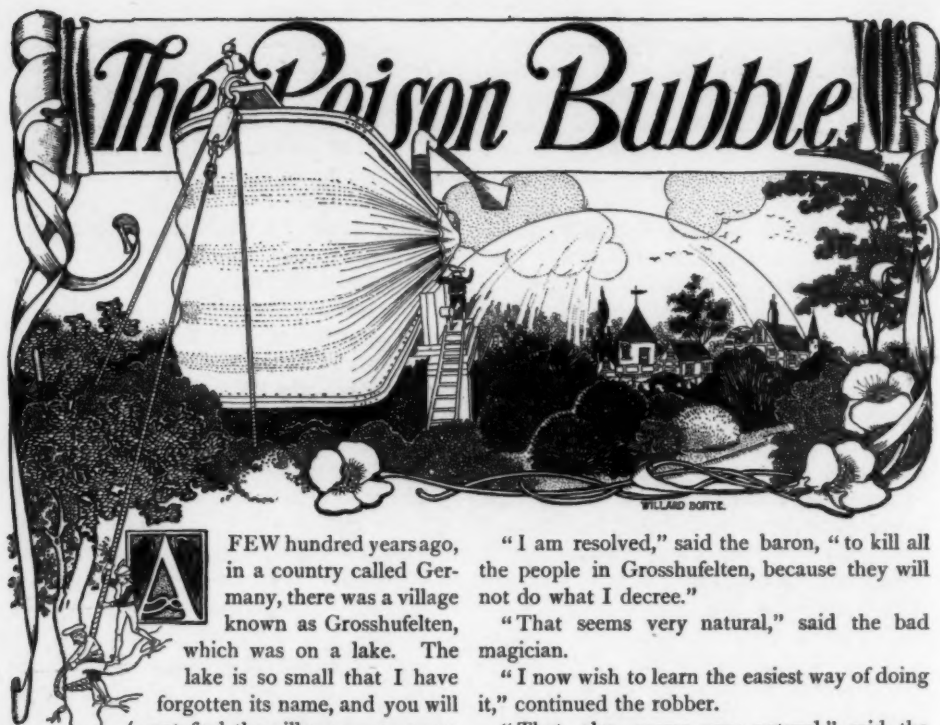
From the four winds of heaven,
As the summoning notes rang clear,
They flew to a wood
Where a great oak stood,
And a titmouse whistled, "Here, here!"
Whistled and shouted, "Here!"

The bluebird sang full soft and low,
And trembled with delight,
Till one bird shouted,
"Whip-poor-will!"
And another called "Bob White";
'T was the partridge called "Bob White."

The robin sang with all his might,
But the jay-bird shrieked his jeers;
Said the sea-mew,
"This will not do,"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers, three
cheers!"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers!"

The catbird ventured an olio,
In phrase and rhythm neat;
Said a bird in blue,
"Omit the 'mew,'"
But the sparrow thought it sweet;
Its words were "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

The thrush sang a hymn so tenderly
That it thrilled the listening skies;
Hear the judges now
From every bough:
"Give the bonny brown thrush the prize,
Give the bonny brown thrush the prize!"



A FEW hundred years ago, in a country called Germany, there was a village known as Grosshufelten, which was on a lake. The lake is so small that I have forgotten its name, and you will not find the village on any map of the country,—which is still called Germany,—unless it is on the back, where I did n't look.

The people in this village were greatly annoyed by a robber baron who dwelt on a mountain near by, and who was in the habit of levying tribute on them because he did n't like to work. The last time that he told them they must pay what he called their annual dues, they refused to do so. The baron was greatly surprised,—as people are usually surprised when others refuse to do things that they have been in the habit of doing whether they ought to or not,—and he resolved to punish the villagers.

At first he thought of descending on them with his band and burning their houses; but this would have required effort, so he changed his mind and called before him two magicians whom he kept to do things by magic, which he found more easy than doing them by hand.

One of these magicians was a good man who stayed with the robber only because he was afraid to go away. The other was a bad man who stayed for no particular reason.

"I am resolved," said the baron, "to kill all the people in Grosshufelten, because they will not do what I decree."

"That seems very natural," said the bad magician.

"I now wish to learn the easiest way of doing it," continued the robber.

"That, also, seems very natural," said the good magician.

The bad magician suggested a number of methods, none of which the baron liked, and he finally told him that he could take a half-holiday, and he would consult with the good magician, who worked for less money, anyhow.

"If you are bound to do this thing, the best way will be to do it quickly and painlessly," began the good magician.

"You mean the best way for them," said the robber.

"Yes, and for you," answered the magician; "for then they will have no chance to conceal their treasures, and you can get as many of them as you wish."

"Who will carry the treasures back?" the baron asked anxiously.

"You might make the bad magician do that."

The good magician then proposed a plan. Leading from the mountain to the lake was a passage which was subterranean. (That is a rather long word, but it was a rather long passage.) He suggested that through this tunnel



"THE BARON TOOK A CROSSBOW AND PREPARED TO SHOOT." (SEE PAGE 43.)

he send some poisonous gas he had invented, which he usually used for killing potato-bugs. This gas would come up through the lake, be blown into the village, and overcome the people. The good magician did not like this idea, but he knew it was more humane than anything the bad magician would suggest, and thought he might get a chance to warn the villagers before it was carried out, so that they could escape. The robber baron was delighted with the scheme, and, telling the magician to execute it as soon as he could, he proceeded to take his afternoon nap, sleeping that kind of sleep which comes to the unjust.

As soon as the good magician was sure that the baron was sound asleep, he started the gas down the passage, and then hurried to warn the villagers. This happened on Wednesday, the day on which the people of Grosshufelten made soap, and when he arrived he found a number of them on the shore of the lake, washing out their soap-kettles. Just as the magician started to warn them of their danger, the gas began to rise. The water was rather soapy, and when the vapor rose it formed an enormous bubble that covered half of the lake.

The villagers were greatly astonished, and looked at the bubble with their mouths open and their minds closed. The magician, who made his living by thinking, began to consider the matter. In the first place, he knew that if the robber baron found that he had warned the people he would be very angry, and there was no telling what he would do — there was no telling what he would do when he was n't angry. In the next place, the wind might blow the gas away from the village when the bubble burst. At all events, the magician would have time to think, and he might devise some plan for saving the villagers without making the baron angry.

While he was considering these things, a youth named Hans Spratzleberger and a few other-syllables ran to the shore with his bow and arrow.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the magician.

"I'm going to shoot that big bubble, out there, and see it burst," said Hans.

"Do you know what will happen if you do

that?" inquired the magician. "This town will disappear from the map."

Hans, who did n't know that the town was n't on the map, was much impressed. The villagers, many of whom did n't know what a map was, advised him not to shoot.

While they were watching the bubble, the bad magician, who was taking his half-holiday, approached. "What is that?" he asked. They told him. "Who blew it?" he added.

"When in the course of human events," — said Hans, who was very fond of making fine speeches.

The bad magician looked at Hans with interest. "You are wasting your talents here," he said. "If you will come with me I will train you so that you will become an orator. What is your name?" Hans told him all of it.

"Well," said the bad magician, "if you can remember all of your name, you certainly must have a good memory; and that will be an advantage to you in your oratory."

Hans's parents, who now regarded the bubble as a good omen, did not want to have it destroyed; and when the other villagers learned that he would practise oratory somewhere else, they decided to let it remain for a time.

The good magician returned to the mountain, and told the robber baron what had taken place. The baron was far from pleased.

"This is what comes of using so much soap," he said. When the bad magician arrived with Hans, the baron was still less pleased. "Any speech-making that is to be done on this mountain I can do myself," he declared. "As for you," he added, turning to the good magician, "you had better go back to Grosshufelten and tell the villagers what that bubble is. You can take a crossbow, and if they are not willing to pay up, burst the bubble. If they are willing, burst it after they *have* paid up."

"But what will become of me?" asked the good magician.

"I will think about that to-morrow," said the robber baron.

When the good magician delivered the baron's message the villagers were offended. Instead of offering to pay their annual dues, they seized him and put him in jail. He was perplexed at this, as the baron had not told him what to do

if such a thing should happen. However, as his cell window overlooked the lake and he could see the bubble, he made the best of things, and ate the meals they brought to him.

The weather was favorable for bubbles, and the next morning, when the good magician looked out of his window, the big one was still there. Large crowds of people were coming from the surrounding country to look at it, and the villagers were trying to charge them two pfennigs apiece. It was hard to collect the money, however, as the bubble could be seen from any spot on the shore; so that afternoon the people decided to fence in the lake.

The next morning a committee of villagers, headed by the burgomaster, called on the good magician.

"We are much shocked to find a good man like yourself associating with robbers," said the burgomaster. "We had decided to leave you in jail, but having found a way in which you can help us to make money, we will release you."

The magician was overcome by their kindness. He thanked them, but said he could not see how the money would benefit them if the bubble happened to burst.

"We will run that risk," said the burgomaster. "With that robber baron in the neighborhood, we are so used to risks that we don't mind them. We want you to put a magic fence around the lake, as it will take our people too long to build the one they began this morning."

The magician had n't his wand with him, so he borrowed the burgomaster's cane, waved it a few times, and a fence appeared around the lake. But as most of the country folk who lived near by had already seen the bubble, this fence was of little use. The burgomaster thought for a while, and suggested that the magician turn the gas in the bubble red. He did this, and that afternoon some of the villagers went out in the country with a banner on which was printed:

See the Great Red Bubble of Grosshufelten!

Admission, 4 Pfennigs.

Near-sighted People Half-price.

This attracted a big crowd, and when the burgomaster thought the people had looked at the bubble long enough, he made a little speech,

in which he told them that it was filled with poison, and was liable to burst at any moment. Then they all ran away. The next day the magician made the bubble green, the third day blue; and as long as the bubble and the colors held out the people kept coming back.

In the meantime the robber baron was getting impatient, not only because Hans was learning oratory, but because he heard nothing from Grosshufelten. He called the bad magician to him and told him that if he could not suggest some way to bring the villagers to terms he should be thrown into the bubble. The bad magician was greatly alarmed at the baron's threat, and thought as hard as he could, which was not very hard. At last he suggested that the baron and his band go to the opposite side of the lake, shoot the bubble, and allow the gas to float over Grosshufelten. Then, when the villagers were overcome, they could take their treasures, which he would transport to the mountain by magic. The baron thought it would be easier to do it all by magic, but the bad magician said he was not clever enough to arrange a spell for that; besides, there would be the sport for the baron of shooting the bubble.

The next day, the baron, his band, and the bad magician appeared opposite Grosshufelten, and saw nothing but a big fence. They were rather disappointed, but climbed some trees and got a view of the bubble, which was then chrome-yellow. The baron took a crossbow and prepared to shoot.

But meanwhile the good magician—who was much pleased at living among honest people—had not been idle. He had devised an enormous bellows, and when he saw the baron aim his crossbow at the bubble, he told the villagers to get ready to blow it.

The baron fired a bolt which struck the bubble. It burst, and as the gas rose from it the villagers blew the bellows with great force, and the vapor floated over among the trees where the baron was.

So far as I know, this was the last of that robber baron and his band, and also of the bad magician; but Hans, who had stayed behind at the mountain, became a mighty orator.

Bennet Musson.

GUESSING SONG.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

I 'm older than the oldest man,
I 'm older than the oldest tree ;
When day and night at first began,
Both day and night belong'd to me.

The sunrise and the setting moon
Are marks that measure out my way,
I travel through the heat of noon,
And for the dark make no delay.

All things that change are changed by me,
Yet I myself unchanged abide ;

Although my face you cannot see,
You find my work on every side.

I shape the bud upon the shoot,
And, through a never-ending round
Bring bud to flower, and flower to fruit,
And strew the fruit upon the ground.

My hands accomplish tasks untold,
My aching feet ask rest in vain ;
My name is known to young and old,
But who shall make my nature plain ?



OLD WINTER TO THE MERMAID: "EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT I WANT TO FREEZE THIS POND OVER,
SO THAT THESE YOUNG PEOPLE CAN GO SKATING."



Some QVEER MAIL-CARRIERS and their WAYS *by George Ethelbert Walsh*

THE United States mails are carried everywhere. It would be almost a physical impossibility for a man to hide himself in any remote corner of the world without being discovered at last by some insignificant agent of a world-wide service the machinery of which operates quietly and with clock-like regularity. If a bird's-eye view of the different railroad and steamship lines which carry the mails could be taken, the giant spider's web thus formed would appear woven in a pattern so intricate that the mind would balk at the mere suggestion of unraveling it. And besides the regular steamship and railroad threads of this maze would appear tens of thousands of cross-lines, representing pony routes, dog-and-sled tracks, swift courier and runner "trails," and even reindeer, whaling-ship, and canoe lines. Every sort of vehicle and beast of burden, and nearly every invention of man for quick transportation, have been pressed into the postal service, and it is possible for a letter to go around the world

under conditions so strange that the mere history of its journey would form a story of thrilling interest.

If a man should start from New York, and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila, and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokio, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa, and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and South Atlantic islands, and thence back to his starting-point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him, and left correct addresses behind at each place, the letters would dutifully follow him, and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there. All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for

forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There is in the Post-office Department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way one hundred and fifty thousand miles, and another which came safely through a trip of one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles. Both are marked and stamped in a way to baffle any except a very expert decipherer of puzzles.

Next to accuracy in delivering mail to the proper person, the government emphasizes promptness and speed of transportation. In our own populous territory this is obtained by intense competition between rival railroad lines and steamers. Every one is familiar with the fast mail-trains and steamships. Their speed and equipment for fast sorting and delivery form a part of the history of our Post-office Department's rapid evolution. But there are portions of the globe where there are no railroad trains nor fast steamships, and yet mails have to be delivered as speedily as conditions will permit. When once the letters are delivered into the hands of foreign mail servants, our government has no further control beyond selecting the route, and they must be intrusted to the doubtful hands of others outside of the department; but along the tens of thousands of miles of mail lines there is a sharp and constant supervision maintained over the adventures of the humblest and most insignificant letter. Its speed and safety are watched, and, if it is lost, somebody is called to account for it. Even if it is unduly detained at any particular point, the delay must be explained.

The unwritten history of this little-known portion of our mail service forms a mass of romantic adventures. The pony express and mail-coach may have disappeared from the great West, but it is really in existence to-day in stranger and more romantic form than ever. Civilization has merely pushed the frontier lines outward; but the outskirts are there, and the

letters of Uncle Sam are carried, as formerly, by pony, coach, sled, boat, and mountain-climbers and fast runners. We spend some ten millions of dollars a year more than any other country

in the world in carrying our mails, and most of this excessive expenditure goes to pay for the unremunerative work of delivering mail on the outskirts of civilization. In spite of Russia's great size and England's remarkable efficiency in handling her mails, the mail routes of the United States are some 315,000 miles longer than those of any other country, and we employ some 8000 more workmen to handle them, and have fully 30,000 more post-offices.



A LETTER FOR ALASKA.

The restless, continuous movement of the mails over the face of the earth, binding all nations and islands and continents together, suggests the even flow and ebb of the tides, working without apparent effort or strain to accomplish each day the allotted task necessary for the best results. Night and day the machinery works. The sun never sets on the army of employees. Color, creed, and politics have less influence on their work than we imagine. A score of nationalities and races are represented among the faithful workmen. Up in Alaska the postman may be an Indian, an Eskimo, a typical American, or a naturalized European. Over the four thousand odd miles of mail route the dog-sled, skates, snow-shoes, and reindeer express are frequently responsible for carrying and delivering the mail. The solitary mail-carrier in the Arctic travels up snow-clad mountains, crosses rivers of ice, and swims rushing currents where his canoe is dashed to pieces. The necessity of delivering the mails safely and on time stimulates some of the unique mail-carriers to perform acts of heroism that equal anything recorded in history. Rather than abandon the mails to seek safety from blizzards or washouts, the faithful postmen of the North have allowed themselves to be frozen in snow-drifts, with death staring them in the face. They

risk life and limb almost daily, in fording rivers and in climbing icy mountains. Their hope of reward is slight indeed, and few ever imagine that their heroic actions will even be reported at Washington. But Uncle Sam is appreciative of such faithfulness, and up in the dim light of the Arctic a letter occasionally finds its way which brings pride and happiness to some humble postman. To be thanked by the Post-office Department at Washington is an honor which surpasses money rewards, and framed letters of this character may be seen occasionally in the most remote corners of that cold, frozen region of the world.

When the interior mails reach the coast, a whaling-ship or some steam fishing-craft may take the sacks of letters and papers, and then, with prow pointed toward the north pole, steam day and night for weeks. Far up in the Bering Strait, and beyond into the arctic circle, the mail goes. A group of half-frozen sealers on some deserted island may receive a portion of it, bringing them good cheer and encouragement from friends and relatives a thousand miles away. A dog-team or a swift human runner may await the whaler or fishing mail-boat, and with a dozen letters he may rush across the frozen ice-fields until nearly exhausted, simply to deliver the epistles to a camp of explorers and scientists, or a small village settlement. In the glow of the dim oil-lamps or spluttering blubber the recipients read the letters and newspapers eagerly, anxiously, and sometimes fearfully. What news of the great world below do they bring? What hope or despair do they reveal to the men laboring and toiling in a climate which seems almost cold enough to congeal the very blood in the veins?

To take a flight in time and distance to the other extreme of the mail service, we find another army of faithful postmen, carrying their packages up tropical rivers into swamps more poisonous than a pest-house; across gulfs and bays where the typhoon and hurricane swamp and wreck boats and houses; up steep mountain-sides to towns and villages where vegetation can hardly subsist; or through swamp trails which lead to impenetrable interiors where white men rarely travel. In all this work men, beasts, and strange craft are employed to make

the mails as regular and speedy in their transmission as possible. Our ideas of rapid transit, however, do not always prevail in these southern latitudes. There is a mail service up the Amazon River in South America which requires just one week to cover five miles. The steamer is a small side-wheeler, but she stops on the way at many points to pick up cargoes to make her trip profitable. Sometimes she will wait a day for a gang of natives to finish skinning their animals, so the hides can form a part of the freight, or, again, it may be a party of white hunters on their way down the river who will ask the captain to wait a couple of days. A five-dollar bill would induce the captain to hold up the boat for twice that length of time. It is of no use for the Post-office Department to complain, for there is no other way of getting the mails up to the few towns and villages, and so the owner of

the side-wheeler enjoys a monopoly which enables him to defy all the government post-office departments in the world.

There is another route up the river, by land, but, owing to the nature of the country, it would be necessary for a runner to travel several scores of miles, it is said, in order to cover the five-mile route.



A LETTER FOR MANILA.

There are mail routes which Uncle Sam attends to only spasmodically, and others which are traversed by the mail-steamers only twice a year. In the South Atlantic and Pacific oceans there are small islands which are laid down on the post-office maps as in the path of the mail routes, but they are marked to signify that the mails are irregularly delivered. At certain dis-

tributing-points the government officers are ready to despatch mail-sacks by the first steamer which sails there. Sometimes the mail is delivered twice a month, and again no ship of any character touches at the islands for six months. It does not pay a steamer or sailing-vessel to visit these out-of-the-way islands to carry the mails, but if they have a cargo of goods to deliver there, they are willing to take the extra compensation offered by the government for taking the few sacks of mail.

One of the strangest mail-carriers in Uncle Sam's employ is a dog which faithfully carries the letters and papers from the post-office on the Yukon River to a smaller office five miles away. Sometimes the river is open, when the dog swims it, and other times it is covered with ice and a blinding snow-storm obstructs the way. But the dog carries the small canvas sack fastened to his collar back and forth every day, and in the five years he has been in the service he has not once missed a mail.

The most northern post-office in the world is Uncle Sam's at Point Barrow, where mail is delivered at the nearest approach to the north pole ever before attempted. Both whaling-ships and reindeer, as well as dog-teams, carry some of this mail to the most northern of our post-offices. Sometimes it is a long time getting there. Once the mails while carried by dog-teams were snowed under for a week in one of the worst places of the route; but none of the letters or papers were lost. The driver simply camped under the snow with his dogs, and, between the covering of the snow and the warmth of the animals' bodies, the driver managed to survive the ordeal and come forth after the storm no worse than before he met his adventure.

Hidden away in the frozen North, men will write letters to friends or relatives in the civilized parts of the country. Then for days and weeks they will watch and wait for the postman. This man does not call around and knock at their ice huts for the mail; neither are there convenient mailing-boxes or post-offices. But the letters must reach their destination in some way. For days and weeks the lonely inhabitants of the frozen coast watch for signs of a ship. When one appears they put forth in

their frail boats to hail her, but disappointment follows. The ship is bound north after seals or whales, and will not return for a year. Another one is hailed, and the same story is repeated. Finally one is found which is bound southward, but not for the country where the letter is to go. The ship is going to Norway, Russia, or England. But that does not matter. The letter intended for somebody in New York is handed over, with the proper postage on it. The ship may collect a score or more letters in this way on its trip southward, and then, when it meets another ship, the two exchange letters. The second one is not going farther south than Labrador, but it crosses the path of ships bound for the United States, and the mails for this country are turned over to her. She, in her turn, may pass a ship bound for some northern Canadian point, and once more the mails are shifted. Finally an American steamer or sailing-vessel is hailed bound for some United States port, and the mails from the arctic region are handed over to her captain, and they are duly brought here and posted to their destination.

All this work is done as a matter of courtesy to each other, and not for pay; but ships bound northward are engaged by the government to carry the mails to certain specific points. It would be a pretty surly and unobliging captain who would refuse to accept letters from these far-away northern inhabitants to mail for them at the first convenient point. There are numerous post-offices of Uncle Sam's established at various points in the far north where ships collect mail matter for delivery. Regular steamers or government cruisers and revenue cutters call at these points several times a year, and bring the mail down with them.

The question of securing postage-stamps in these out-of-the-way corners is not always easy of solution. The isolated sailors or sealers may have no stamps in their possession, and they have to send their letters without these necessary articles; but there is hardly a ship that sails north whose captain does not carry in stock postage-stamps of the one- and two-cent denominations. These he places on the letters when the men hand them over to him, and he thus acts as a sort of postmaster of his own appointment. But the government cannot hold such a person



"THEY PUT FORTH IN FRAIL BOATS TO MAIL HER."

to account for losing or refusing to mail a letter. It is a risk that the owner of the letter takes. If it goes astray, nothing more can be done about the matter. But it is a remarkable fact that very few such letters fail to be delivered. It takes a long time occasionally for a letter to come down, but it eventually finds its way to its proper place.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

BY ELLEN MANLY.

'T is quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.

'T is customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day —
When weather's fine one's not so apt
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,
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Where travelers often like to rest
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown
Is not a pleasant place:
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face;

The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'T is either raining all the time,
Or else too cold, or hot.

The books are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There 's nothing new and nothing nice
In Grumbletown, I 'm told.

And so I 've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go!

THE STORY OF THAT LITTLE FROG.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

How long do you think the story of "The Daring Froggy," which appeared in the August St. NICHOLAS, waited before it found its way to the light?

Just to show you how carefully St. NICHOLAS looks out for its readers, I want to tell you the story of that little frog.

We will begin in the usual way: Once upon a time there was a small boy who thought he was carrying the burdens of the world because he could not have his own way in many things which his parents thought were not good for him.

So the wilful boy ran away from home and went to a big city to earn his living. The big city happened to be New Haven, Connecticut, where he had to cross the green in front of the Yale College buildings in going to and from his place of business.

The students with their books made him wish to get an education; but as he was getting only three dollars and a half a week, and paid three for his board, it seemed away beyond his reach.

One day he learned that at Middlebury, Vermont, the same course of study as at Yale was followed, and feeling sure that he could find something to do, he began to save small sums from odd jobs and night-work until he had enough to pay the fare to Middlebury.

He reached the town at two o'clock one Sunday morning, with just two cents left in his pocket.

How he went to the hotel and offered his

watch to the proprietor for his lodging, and how he found a widow lady who kept student boarders and wanted some one to tend the steam furnace that heated the house, and how he prepared for college, and how he helped to pay his way by taking some prizes, would make a long story, but it all leads up to the time when, sitting by the furnace in the cellar, he said to himself:

"I must rise above sifting ashes and shoveling coal if I ever expect to make anything of myself in the world."

So he began to send verses to the newspapers and magazines, and among the first to be accepted was "The Daring Froggy," which you saw in the August number of St. NICHOLAS.

Since that was accepted the small boy has grown up and has been in almost every country in the world. He has only just come back from the wonderful Orient, which seemed so far away that he could never dream of seeing it, but which is now a beautiful memory of color and strange people and stranger customs.

He has written ten books, and has found life happy and prosperous, and possibly it has all come out this way because St. NICHOLAS sent him a check and encouraged him rather than a rejection which might have discouraged him and kept him sifting ashes all his life.

In all these years he has never forgotten, and he never will forget, how he felt when he opened that St. NICHOLAS envelope, twenty years ago, and the generous check fell out into his hands and almost took his breath away.



A BACHELOR TEA.

BY LILIAN PALMER POWERS.

BUFFY 's my dog — and every day we,
With my three boy-dolls, take afternoon tea :
Rob Roy is gay in his tartan plaid ;
Bobby Shafto 's not bad, as a sailor-lad,
And Jack — the midshipmite, trim and neat,
Is under the table in lowly seat.
Now, as dolls are not really alive,
Buffy and I have to eat for the five ;
But we play so hard and romp about
That both our appetites hold out ;
Sometimes we 've bread with our cambric tea,
Sometimes nurse brings nice things to me ;
But if it 's crackers, or just a bun,
We eat it all up and have lots of fun.
Buff wags his tail and smiles at me ;
I tell him my secrets and pour the tea.



“Richard, My King.”

(The Story of a Crusader Knight.)

BY LIVINGSTON B. MORSE.

THE Crusades were holy wars undertaken by knights of old in Europe for the recovery of the sepulcher of Christ from the Saracens who then held Jerusalem and all Palestine. They were called Crusaders from the Latin word *crux*, which means cross, and because each of the sol-

the drawbridge was lowered over the moat of Château Gaillard, and a gallant train of mounted knights and squires rode forth into the crisp, bright air, followed by the huntsmen holding their hounds in leash. At the head of the train and somewhat in advance, mounted upon a coal-black horse, rode a princely figure clothed in Lincoln green, — the color of the huntsmen, — who wore upon his yellow locks a cap adorned with the feather of an eagle held by a jeweled brooch. He was taller than any other by a good half head; and he sat upon his horse straight as a reed and as if the two were one. His broad shoulders and steel-blue eyes, piercing and fearless, and a certain arrogance of bearing, told more plainly than words that where'er he went Richard would be leader.

diers wore upon his sleeve or breast or shoulder the embroidered figure of a cross to indicate the cause for which he fought. There were eight of these Crusades, or holy wars. But the story I am going to tell you belongs to the third — that one in which Richard I of England, called, for his famed strength and bravery, *Cœur de Lion*, or Lion-hearted, plays so prominent a part.

The horsemen clattered down the slope, their spurs and harness jingling merrily, then, putting their horses to the gallop, sped across the marshes toward the wood.

Although Richard was King of England, he had spent the greater part of his life in France; for away back in the twelfth century, when he lived, England still held many provinces in France — notably those of Normandy and Aquitaine. Those were warlike times, and Richard was no laggard, I can tell you, where blows were to be given and returned. He had quarreled with his father and with his brothers, John and Geoffrey; and to make good his possessions in Normandy against the King of France, he had built him a fortress, Château Gaillard (Saucy Castle), upon an eminence above the Seine, just where the river bends across the Norman marshes on its way to the old city of Rouen.

Richard still held the lead, — imperiously waving back the knights who would have borne him company because they feared some accident might befall the king riding thus alone, — and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the forest in pursuit of a noble stag which the keen hounds had already scented. Three miles and more he rode alone, following the baying hounds through beds of fern and bracken under the arching trees, when of a sudden his horse reared and shied, and then came to a standstill before a thicket.

It was on a beautiful morning in autumn that, with a great clanging and rattling of chains,

Richard, with a start, drew rein and scanned the tangled growth. At first he could see nothing; then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, he descried two figures, prone upon the ground. In an instant he was off his steed, and, with the bridle linked in his left arm, pushed his way among the interlacing vines to where the bodies lay. One was a man of middle age, rough, unkempt, and clad in ragged garments — an outlaw or robber without

doubt, one of those who infested the forest at that time. The man was dead—slain by a dagger-thrust in the breast. The other was a slender youth dressed in the simple yet elegant costume of a squire. A heavy cloak lay beside him on the grass, half covering a harp such as the troubadours, or wandering minstrels, carried. His hair was long and dark, and fell in silken curls about a face whose delicate features betokened a nature refined and sensitive; the clear white skin and long fingers told also of a life passed in the gentler pursuits of music or of literature rather than of arms.

"Sdeath!" cried Richard. "What have we here? Robbery and murder?"

Dragging aside the fern, which half concealed the face of the youth, the king knelt beside him and laid his hand upon the heart. A slight flutter responded to his touch.

"By St. George, the boy still lives! A comely lad, forsooth."

He drew from his breast a silver hunting whistle and blew three long, shrill blasts, then bent his head, listening impatiently for an answer. But none responded; his suite were far behind or wandering upon other trails.

"The idle varlets!" muttered the king. "Well, since they take me at my word, and lag behind, I 'll e'en play bearer to the lad myself."

The light burden of the youth was as nothing to the king's gigantic strength. He flung him lightly over the saddle-bow, then leaped into the saddle, and passing an arm about the body



"IN THE LION'S KEEPING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the unconscious boy, raised him to a sitting posture, and thus supporting him against his breast, turned his horse homeward.

After a little the rushing of the cool wind in his face revived the youth, who had been but slightly wounded.

"Where am I?" he asked—as one who wakes from sleep, but without raising himself or withdrawing his fascinated gaze from the eyes of the king, now smiling into his.

"Marry, in the lion's keeping," laughed Richard, deep in his tawny beard. "Tell me, who art thou and how camest thou in the sorry plight in which I found thee?"

"My name is Blondel," said the youth, "and I am come from Arras. While journeying yestere'en through yonder wood I was set upon by three rough fellows who demanded of me purse or life. My answer was a dagger-thrust which did for one, I hope. But at that moment I was stricken from behind, and knew no more till now. Ah, but my harp! I had forgotten that," he cried sharply, raising himself, then falling back with weakness against the king's protecting shoulder.

"Nay, trouble not thyself with that," the king replied. "A harp thou shalt have, and a royal one, so thou provest thyself worthy of it. Thou art a minstrel, then?" he asked with interest.

"Ay, truly," said the youth; "I have a pretty talent at that trade. I was but now upon my way to seek the English king, who, they say, is kind to minstrels, when this misfortune overtook me. Perchance thou, being, as I judge, a lord of high degree, canst tell me if I be near to him or no?"

"Nearer thou canst not well be," laughed Richard. "He who now bears thee in his arms is the king himself."

Blondel would fain have flung himself from the saddle to kneel before the Majesty of England, but Richard held him back.

"Another time," he said. "Harken, now; I have a fancy for thee, boy. When thy wound is cured, thou shalt make trial of thy skill; and if thy music liketh me as doth thy face, while Richard lives thou shalt not want a friend."

So Blondel was carried by King Richard to the castle, where his wound was dressed by the king's own physician.

By and by, when he had rested and refreshed himself, a harp was given him and he was led into the royal presence to make trial of

his skill. Alone he stood there in the center of the room, a slender figure, leaning on his harp, all unabashed, yet modest, his deep, dark eyes, alight with gratitude and love, raised fearlessly to the king, before whose piercing glance so many quailed. The boy drew his fingers in a soft prelude over the strings, then, joining to the music a voice of wondrous sweetness, he broke into one of those old ballads of love and war so dear to the hearts of men of all times.

Richard, with his passion for music, was enchanted; Blondel's fame was made. Henceforth the king's palace was his home; and there sprang up between the great sovereign and his humble follower a beautiful ideal friendship. Blondel worshiped his master—his preserver—with all the fervor of his artist soul; and Richard loved the boy with that frank generosity—too seldom shown, alas!—which belonged nevertheless to his better nature. Wherever he went Blondel must go also; he could not bear that the boy should be for an hour absent from his sight, and many were the songs that they composed and sang together; for the king himself was no mean musician.

Time passed, and there came the call to the Crusade. Richard, as the most warlike monarch of Christendom, promptly responded, and having gathered many men and much treasure, he left his kingdom in the hands of two archbishops and journeyed southward through France to the port of Marseilles, whence he embarked for Messina, the first stopping-place. With him, of course, went Blondel, ever by his master's side.

At Cyprus the cortège stopped awhile, and there was fighting there; but at length the long journey to Palestine was accomplished, and in the brave and noble Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, Richard found a worthy antagonist. Many are the tales told of the deeds of prowess in which the two took part, and many were the courtesies they exchanged. But, in spite of the worth of their leaders, the Crusaders won but small success, and after a little Richard was stricken with one of those wasting fevers that attack the traveler in torrid climes. The magnanimous Saladin sent to his royal enemy gifts of fruit, and snow brought at night on mule-back from the mountain-tops.

During all that long and tedious illness Blondel never left his master's couch, but tended him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, never wearying, never murmuring. His was the hand that cooled Richard's fever-heated brow, and his the voice that, accompanied by the sweet strains of his harp, lulled the king to slumber when all other means had failed.

At length the fever broke and the king regained his health; but he was unwilling to continue longer a struggle in which neither side could claim the victory. A long truce was arranged between the Christians and the Saracens; then Richard, with a few followers, set sail for home. Blondel was not of the number. As the most faithful servant of the king, he was intrusted with an important message to the King of Cyprus, after the delivery of which he was to join his sovereign in the city of London.

Now it happened that the vessel in which Richard and his band set sail suffered shipwreck near Aquileja, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Fortunately few lives were lost; but being in haste to reach England, where his brother John had usurped the crown, Richard decided to take the shorter route, across Germany, rather than to risk again the perils and delays of an ocean voyage. As the Duke of Austria, with whom Richard had quarreled while in the Holy Land, was his bitter enemy, this was a dangerous undertaking for the king. In the interests of safety, therefore, he adopted the disguise of a palmer, or wandering friar. But a man so well known and of such stature as Richard could scarcely hope to pass unchallenged; and it happened that near the city of Vienna, while halting at a little wayside inn, he was recognized and made a prisoner. The Duke of Austria, overjoyed at such good fortune, hastened to hand his royal captive over to the emperor, who had him conveyed, without loss of time, to a fortress hidden in the thickness of a dark and lonely forest, the name and whereabouts of which were kept a secret.

When, after his long voyage, the faithful Blondel arrived in England, his first words were to ask intelligence of the king. And his heart sank as he was answered with the direful news that his beloved master, his friend and protector, was a prisoner in a foreign land.

"But where?" he asked, "and what plans are there on foot to bring about his freedom?"

They could not tell; they did not know; perchance they did not care. Mayhap they feared the wrath of John and dared not help their rightful lord. Blondel asked no aid from those false lords and traitor subjects, but, taking only his harp, set out alone to find his royal master.

All through Germany he wandered, stopping before each fortress and each castle that seemed to him likely to serve the purpose of a prison. There he would play an air familiar to the king, and wait to learn if it were heard and recognized; for in this way he hoped to discover the place of his friend's concealment, and to convey to him the information that aid was at hand. With each new tower and castle that he chanced upon hope sprang up newly in his breast. He would take the harp from its case and resting it against his knee begin to play: perchance this was the one that held the king. But, alas! his song remained unanswered, and he passed on with a heavier weight upon his heart — yet never discouraged.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, month slipped into month. Mile after mile of forest and of dusty road he traversed, the faithful boy, persisting in his quest. Hope never quite deserted him. The loyal love that filled his heart ever urged him onward and still onward.

One evening just before the dusk, when the slanting sunlight threw long shadows of the pines across his path, Blondel approached a somber wood into whose dark recesses it seemed that man had never penetrated. On the topmost bough of a noble spruce-tree a little bird with wings and breast rosy, like flame, was caroling his even-song.

Blondel noted the bird, and suddenly, without apparent cause, there rushed through all his being a flood of joy and hope. "Rose is the color of hope," he said. "Where the bird goes, thither will I follow."

As if in answer to his words, the bird left his perch and flitted farther into the wood. Now it tarried upon one tree, now upon another, Blondel always following, until it led him close to the walls of a gloomy fortress flanked by one

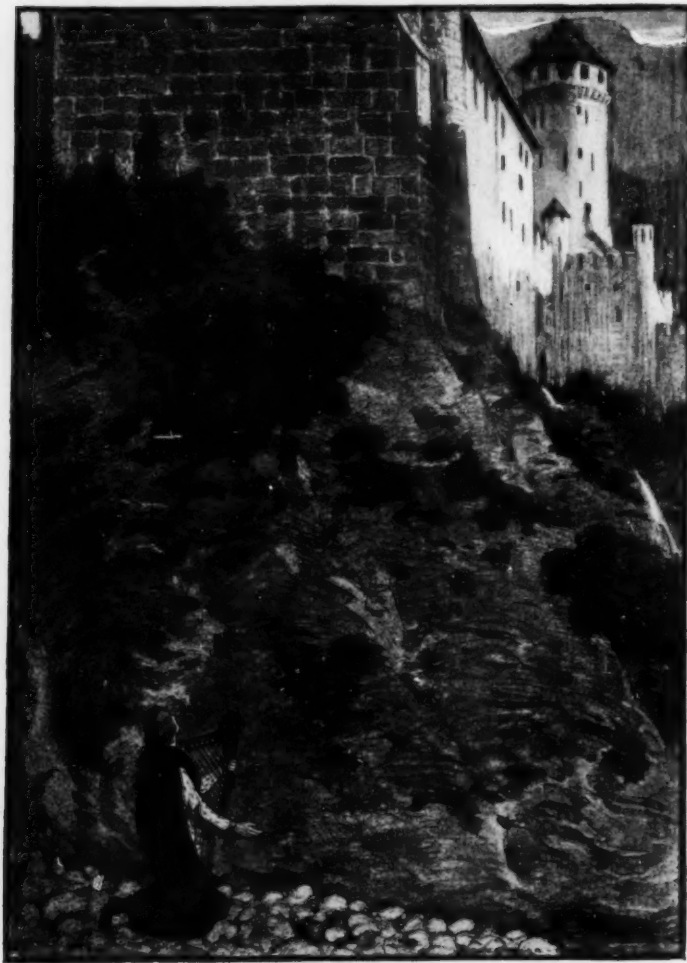
square tower, set in the very heart of the great forest.

There was no longer doubt or hesitation in the mind of the young minstrel. The bounding joy within told him that his long search had

knew and loved so well, took up and repeated the tender strain. His heart overflowing with thankfulness, the minstrel fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes, dim with happy tears, to heaven, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, my king! Oh, my king! Found, found at last!"

He might not see his royal friend, might not have speech with him, even; for doubtless watchful eyes were on the king, and at the first indication that his place of confinement had been discovered his captors would spirit him away. Yet joy unspeakable filled the minstrel's faithful breast, for his weary search had at length been rewarded with success.

Blondel hastened back to England with the news; and presently Eleanor, the queen mother, set out with all her train and the huge ransom that the emperor demanded, to buy the freedom of her son. You may be quite sure that Blondel accompanied them, and when the tall captive, pale from his long confinement, strode out among them all, the minstrel threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and grasping the hand of his



BLONDEL BEFORE RICHARD'S TOWER.

come to a successful end. He seized his harp, and stationing himself beneath the tower, played a short prelude and began to sing a mournful little melody that he and Richard had often sung together.

Scarcely had he completed the first stanza when a voice far up in the tower, the voice he

royal and beloved friend, covered it with kisses.

Richard looked down upon the bowed head of the youth and his cold blue eyes softened. "The greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the love of a mother for her child; and after that, earth holds no more precious gem than the love of a faithful friend."

THE MONEY VALUE OF TRAINING.

BY JAMES M. DODGE,

President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

NOTE.—The following article comprises the greater part of an address delivered by Mr. Dodge at the annual commencement of the Williamson Trade School of Philadelphia in March, 1903. But it deserves a much wider audience, for it contains suggestions and statistics of great value, not only to those interested in mechanical pursuits, but to every American boy who expects to work for his living, or who is ambitious to achieve a successful career, whether on individual lines or as an employer in some great industry. Whatever his life-work is to be, the best investment that a boy can make is "to invest in *himself*" by "increasing his own potential value," and in the accomplishment of this, as Mr. Dodge points out, training plays a vital part. We commend the article to the careful attention of the older boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS and their parents.—EDITOR.

TRADE GUILDS.

THIS country inherited from England the trade guild, and until about 1850 the American guilds were active and powerful organizations. The general system was based on the rights of inheritance, and young men were admitted to apprenticeships through the influence and in deference to the wishes of their fathers or male relatives, already members of the guild. The number of apprentices, however, that were to be admitted annually was fixed by the guilds, and it was impossible for all the young men or boys who wished to acquire a trade to have an opportunity afforded them. These guilds had one redeeming quality that is not to be overlooked, and that is, the training accorded the apprentices was of a most thorough and proper character, resulting in perpetuating and maintaining the standard of excellence in workmanship which was the pride of the members. These guilds were accorded valuable rights by the crown of England, and in this country, to a more limited extent, by some of our own earlier laws.

DECLINE OF GUILDS DUE TO LABOR- SAVING MACHINERY.

THE decline of the guild system was the direct result of the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the specializing of different portions of the work incident to any particular trade or calling. For instance, in the early days a watchmaker literally made every part of a watch. A bootmaker sometimes tanned his own leather, made his own thread, compounded his wax, and

made boots without any aid whatsoever excepting that which would be given him by his apprentices. Taking this trade for example, the first move was to relieve him of the tanning of his leather. Then, thread factories furnished him thread. His wax became a commercial article. Shoe-pegs were introduced, manufactured by machinery. Finally, all the tools and paraphernalia of his trade could be purchased by any one who wished to buy them. This encouraged persons outside of the guild to manufacture boots and shoes. The great mass of the people are now furnished with boots and shoes made in large factories, the product passing through many hands in reaching its finished state, possibly with no one man being thoroughly conversant with every step in the manufacture. It is easy to see, therefore, that the old-time guild, using only manual labor and with a limit placed upon the number of apprentices that were to have the privilege of learning the trade, could not possibly keep pace with these times nor supply the demand.

What I have said of the shoemakers' guild is applicable to all of the trades. Some lines in which the demand is limited, such as, for instance, the gold-beater's art, are now controlled by the trade union, which is the direct successor of the guild. In the mechanical arts the same conditions have prevailed and the same results have been achieved. Twenty-five years ago a machinist was a man of varied attainments. He did the work of the plumber, the pipe-fitter, the blacksmith, the tool-maker, the draftsman, frequently that of the carpenter; he could work

in brass, iron, and steel, and understood the care and repair of steam-engines, though in none of these lines was his development equal to that of the skilled artisan of to-day, working in his own special line. Still, he met the conditions of the time satisfactorily.

**"LEARNING A TRADE" NO LONGER POSSIBLE
—TRAINING IN ONE SHOP OF NO USE IN
ANOTHER.**

In the general march of improvement specializing was the order of the day, and the old machinist has been practically replaced by a dozen or more skilled workers in various lines, all, however, directly connected with the machinist's work; and to-day we find the machinist a specialist, frequently working in very narrow lines, as, for instance, running a lathe day after day and month after month and even year after year, with no change whatever in his daily routine. Another man will be known as a planer hand, running a metal planer and having practically no experience in any other line of work. Then, we have fitters of various degrees of skill, their business being to take the parts of a mechanism, large or small as the case may be, and, by putting on the finishing touches, either assemble them into the finished machine or prepare them for some other workman in the work of assembling. As a consequence, "learning a trade," as it is called to-day, is a misnomer. Generally speaking, there are few opportunities for a young man to-day to acquire the trade of machinist in the shops of this country. In the first place, establishments are frequently so large that an individual is entirely lost sight of. If he meets his hours of work and is able to do the work assigned to him satisfactorily, he is allowed to remain at his special line indefinitely. Frequently the training of years in one shop will not enable a man to get employment at good wages in another.

**DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE UNIONS — UNLIKE
GUILDS — NO CARE OF APPRENTICES — SUP-
PRESSION OF SUPERIORITY.**

The development of the trade union must not be confounded in any sense with the old guilds, because the guilds were actuated by

pride of profession, and membership in a guild at once stamped a man as a craftsman of skill and frequently of positive artistic ability. The trade union, as organized, does not perpetuate the dignity of a calling, but strives to regulate wages and elevate poor workmen to a position to which they are not justly entitled by their manual skill or natural capabilities, thus imposing a burden on the worthy and thoroughly competent artisans in their trade. The unions regulate, as far as they can, the number of apprentices that may be employed. They do not, however, devote any attention to the training and education of the apprentices they permit their employers to engage. They exercise no power of selection, looking upon apprentices as those who some day will, by adding to the number of members of the union, deprive some one else of a means of livelihood. There is no incentive in unionism for individual development beyond the average of the mass. Superlative skill, great physical strength, clear insight, and ambition must all be held back, lest, in their natural development, they should enable their possessor to do more work in a day than the average of his fellows. As a very natural consequence, the future foremen, superintendents, and managers will be selected from the ranks of those whose love of individuality, labor, and natural brilliancy has kept them individualized and enabled them to demonstrate their superior worth. In years gone by, the apprentice was trained in a large range of duty incident to the work of the machinist, in a broad sense; but there is no longer in the machinist trade true apprenticeship.

**THE TRADE SCHOOLS — A MONTH IN A TRADE
SCHOOL OF MORE VALUE THAN A YEAR IN
A LARGE SHOP.**

It has been well said that "Time determines all things," and time has evolved a solution which, though but in its infancy, is destined to grow and be the most important development in educational lines that the world has ever seen. I refer to the trade schools. Locally we have some splendid examples—the Drexel Institute, the Williamson Trade School, the manual training-school, and others. But scat-

tered all over the country are schools of this character, which undoubtedly will grow more rapidly than any educational institutions of the past.

Within comparatively few years this lack of opportunity for proper training, making itself manifest, and finding the law of supply and demand in good working order, registered its want, and fortunately the method of supply was developed. This training is now being given by many institutions in this country, in shops equipped with the most modern tools and employing up-to-date methods, and supervised by instructors of marked ability and fully imbued with the importance and far-reaching benefits of their calling. The instruction is systematic and individual, and I feel fully justified in saying that a month of such training is of more value than a year's time spent by a young man in a large shop, in which he is as likely to absorb error as truth.

It has been said that a three years' course in a trade school, in which an average of but a few hours a day are devoted to actual manual work, can in no way compare with three years' time spent in actual work in a shop. I feel that this is a popular error. In shop work a man may spend months in repetition of the same task, to no ultimate advantage to the worker. Instead of his skill being quickened, it is dulled. He very quickly acquires the skill which is unconscious in its operation, and, like the old lady with her knitting-needle, he can talk to a fellow-workman, or think and dream about far-distant places and matters, without in any way lessening the rate of production. In fact, sometimes his pace might be actually quickened by some mental emotion having an exciting effect upon his nervous organization, in the same way that the old lady, in chatting with her friends, will knit fast or slow in harmony with the dullness or animation of the conversation. It is quite obvious that repetitive routine work is not desirable for a young man of natural ambition and aptitude. In the trade school he escapes routine but is instructed in the underlying principles of his work, and does enough manual labor to familiarize himself with the various tools required, and to prove the correctness of the theories in which he has been instructed.

THE LESSON OF ACCURACY—IMPROVEMENT
IN JUDGMENT—TRAINING MAKES OPINIONS
VALUABLE.

THE most important lesson of all for a young man to learn, regardless of his future calling, is thoroughly to appreciate the worth of accuracy. Without accuracy in his work, he is a failure. Without accuracy in his thought, his life will be a comparative failure. No man, young or old, will for a minute claim the contrary. In spite, however, of the universal acquiescence in the statement that accuracy is essential to success, it is not easy of attainment. "Let well enough alone" is, unfortunately, a saying that is universally known and, I regret to say, very extensively put into practice. It is certainly a dangerous thing for a parent to say to a child, and never is said by an instructor to a pupil. It is the misapplication of trite sayings that does so much harm. If a person should break through the ice and, after a severe struggle, reach the shore covered with mud and with a more or less shocked nervous system, even if his method of escape be criticized, it is certainly proper to let well enough alone, and not go back again and scramble out in a more deliberate, dignified, and commendable manner. The saying in this case is all right. If, however, it is a question of a railroad time-table, and there are errors in it, and it would be expensive to have it reprinted, it would be a most dangerous thing for any one in authority to say, "Let well enough alone; we will trust to luck."

So it is with training in the arts. It is essential that a respect for accuracy should be so incorporated into the mental fiber of the aspirant for future honor and advancement that it becomes his first rather than his second nature. This lesson is the most important thing to be gained from the trade school, or, in fact, from any other institution of learning.

The common result of education, regardless of the particular name by which a branch may be called, resolves itself simply into an improvement in judgment; in other words, a person's opinion, in his chosen calling, becomes of value. This is not the result of studying any one text-book, or doing any one thing in the

training of the hands, but is a matter of observation, relatively slow or rapid, depending upon the mental caliber of the individual. It takes years for the average individual to acquire even an approximate idea of the relative importance of things. It is not infrequent that the most industrious person, so far as being always busy is concerned, makes comparatively little or no progress. People of very decided notions concerning every trifle of their existence are rarely broadly successful. There must be a determination as to what particular thing they are called upon to do, or are given opportunity to do, and then the work must be done thoroughly, promptly, and at the sacrifice of smaller matters. It is a notable fact in the engineering profession that the man with the greatest number of note-books and with the best systems of classifying information resolves himself into a recorder of things of the past and develops no ability in planning for the future. It is infinitely better to make few notes, except mental ones, and train the mind to do its work on broader lines than the mere slavish following of the details of the past.

TRADE SCHOOLS ENCOURAGE INDIVIDUALISM
— A BOY'S CAREER BEGINS WITH HIS FIRST
DAY IN SCHOOL INSTEAD OF THE DAY AFTER
COMMENCEMENT.

THE trade-school training is one decidedly tending toward individualism. Its boys, as a rule, do not come from the wealthier classes. There is an earnestness of purpose that is commendable, and the records show that the percentage of failure to pass satisfactorily through the course is exceedingly small. In opposition to this, it not infrequently happens in our larger universities of learning that less than one half of those entering the freshman classes graduate. Not more than 5 per cent. of the boys entering the trade schools fail to complete the course satisfactorily, and the tasks set are no less exacting than those in our large colleges and universities. This may be attributed to the fact that no boy enters a trade school without a positive determination to complete the course and be thankful for the opportunity. None are forced to go through the ambition of their parents, because, as a rule, the decision to send

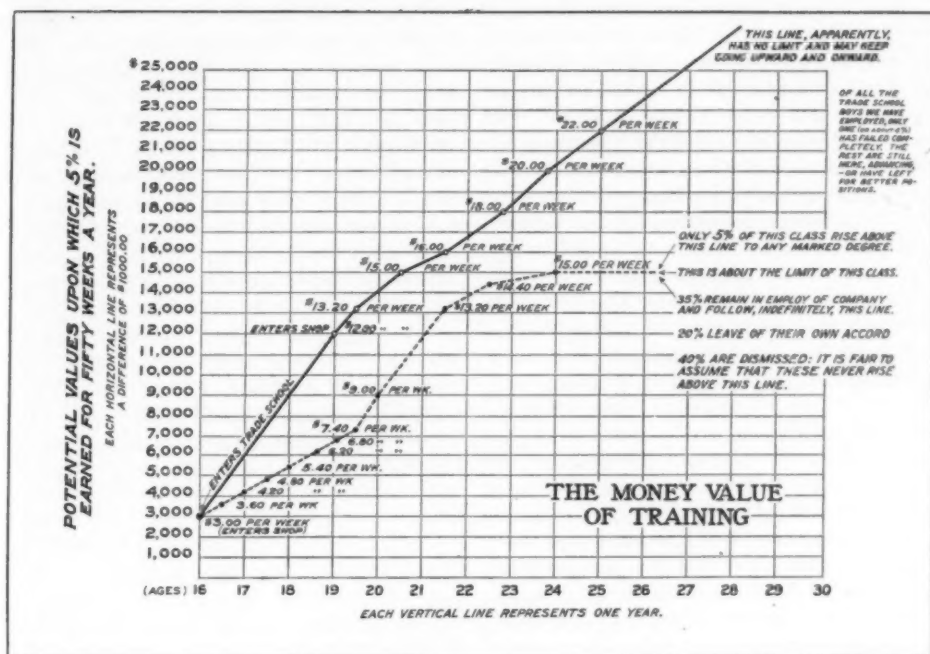
a boy to one of the trade schools is a serious sacrifice on the part of his family. In the trade school the boy is impressed with the idea that his first day there is the beginning of his career. In our larger institutions the day after commencement is looked upon as the beginning of the career. This is a very important distinction. Again, in entering the trade school a boy has already made up his mind what his life-work is to be. In the majority of cases, boys entering our universities have no clearly defined idea of their future work after graduation. As a result, the trade-school boy can directly apply the training he has received toward increasing his value to his employer and himself.

THE SHOP-TRAINED BOY.

WHAT of the boy who has no opportunity of education beyond the lower schools? As a rule, at about 16 years of age he seeks employment, frequently because he is tired of school — does not see the use of it. His father, and possibly an uncle or two, will boast that they had little or sometimes no schooling, and now earn \$3 per day, have been able to support their families, and were it not for the fact that some people are born lucky and get rich, and other people are born unlucky and stay poor, they would have been certainly very much "farther ahead" than they are. Considering all the circumstances, however, he is satisfied, and does not see why his boy should not be at work, inasmuch as he already has a great deal more of this intangible something called "schooling" than the father had. In seeking employment, the boy naturally wishes to acquire a trade, because he sees all about him the relatively affluent position of the men working at trades as compared to those who are simply laborers. At this stage a certain amount of natural selection manifests itself. If he is inclined toward mechanical pursuits he will naturally endeavor to get a start in some shop, and he is fortunate if he succeeds. Often he is obliged to take what he can get, and is thus diverted from his original intent.

THE INVESTMENT IN A BOY OF SIXTEEN.

BUT if he obtains employment in a machine-shop, he will receive, say, \$3 per week wages,



this being, we will say, \$150 per year, or 5 per cent. on \$3000.

I have endeavored to find out what the money investment is in a boy of 16. The census reports and statistics from abroad cannot possibly give all the items. It is so difficult to decide upon the class to which any individual belongs. I feel satisfied, however, that the world at large places a very accurate value on any commodity, and labor certainly is a commodity, and the community in which we live says that a 16-year-old lad in good health entering a shop is worth \$3 per week, and consequently his potential or invested value is \$3000. We will therefore establish this as his value. The same value can be placed upon a boy of 16 who is fortunate enough to be entered on the roll of a trade school. We will now imagine two groups of 24 boys, or 48 in all, one half entering a trade school. Fortunately, I have statistics covering two groups of this size, and we will trace their advancement, translating it into dollars, through a term of years. You will understand this clearly by referring to the

accompanying chart. On the left-hand side, you will notice, we have a column of figures, the lowest one being \$1000, and progressing upward in steps of \$1000 each until we reach the sum of \$25,000 at the head of the column. Each one of these figures is opposite one of the horizontal lines on the chart. This is for convenience, so that we may readily see where each figure will apply as the line is projected from left to right. On the lower margin of the chart we have figures from 16 at the lower left-hand corner to 30 on the lower right-hand corner. These figures are consecutive, and represent years of time. You will note that at 16, which means 16 years of age, and following the vertical line from 16 upward, we come to our first stopping-place, opposite the figures representing \$3000. Here, if you please, we start our young men, and, to simplify matters, we will reduce each group now to one individual as representing the average of the entire 24.

We will first trace the course of a young man having no special training or manifested aptitude in the work before him. Arbitrarily, and

based on years of experience, it has been found, in the shop from which these statistics are gleaned, that a practically uniform increase in the rate of wages can be maintained for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, or until the boy of 16 has reached the age of 19 years and 6 months. This is shown by the increases of 60 cents per week for each 6 months of service. During this time the boys are really gaining instruction. So far as possible and practicable, their work is varied, not only in the machine-shop, but they are given instruction and opportunity to acquire at least the rudiments of pattern-making, wrought-iron construction, and some blacksmithing. At the age of $19\frac{1}{2}$, wages are \$7.40 per week, or, as you will see by carrying the line back to the column of potential values, this potential value is increased to \$7400; in other words, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ years his potential value has increased from \$3000 to \$7400, a gain of \$4400. At the end of the fourth year he is earning \$9 per week. This represents \$9000 in potential value, or, to put it another way, starting with the rate of \$3 per week and a potential value of \$3000, he has in 4 years increased his potential value \$6000, or an average increase of \$1500 per annum, which he has invested in *himself*. In the meantime he has been rendering satisfactory service to his employer, and a profit has been made on his work, not as large, however, by any means, as the profit to himself. What has he now? He has a potential value of \$9000, which he cannot be deprived of, provided he retains his health and his habits of industry.

POTENTIAL VALUE BETTER THAN INHERITED CASH.

COMPARE him with a young man of 20 who has been fortunate enough, as the world would say, to come into an inheritance of \$9000, and having no training of like value. His first thought is that in order to improve his finances he must do it through the investment of his \$9000. In this he has had no experience, and he starts out to experiment and to gain experience in an unfamiliar and hazardous way. An error wipes out his money. It has left him nothing to serve him in the future except the knowledge that what he did was wrong,

and the resolve that he will not do it again. But he may never have the chance to try. He then starts, at the age of 20, to seek employment. He considers himself too old to go back to a trade school, alongside of boys of 16, because he will lose 4 years. Here is his second error. But he obtains employment that is clean-handed, possibly because it was a ready opportunity, and we will leave him struggling against what he may call and be thoroughly satisfied is *adversity*. A person struggling against adversity, if he really struggles, is a person trying to make something out of nothing. In other words, he has to create. It is possible a few may succeed. The large majority, however, become misanthropic and feel that the odds against them are too heavy, and they settle back to accept what they call their "fate."

INFLUENCE OF NO VALUE.

INFLUENCE is popularly supposed to be of very great value, and the success of an individual is often erroneously attributed to this power. It is true, influence may secure a man a political position, but it is of only momentary value in other walks of life. For instance, suppose a man had influence enough to get letters from King Edward, Emperor William, President Roosevelt, and Andrew Carnegie, recommending him as first-baseman on the Philadelphia nine, not because he was a good ball-player, but because they wanted to help him along and a vacancy existed. How long do you suppose this influence would keep him in his position? It is quite obvious to you that after he had made a failure and was relieved of his duties he might take his letters to Mr. Sousa and ask for a position in his band, without having proper musical knowledge. Again his letters of recommendation would be valueless, excepting that in both cases they would give him an opportunity to show what he could do; but if he was not prepared entirely and completely to fill the position, no amount of influence would secure his being retained. All that influence can do for any one is to give him an opportunity to start in the *race*. It is often detrimental to a young man to be recommended too highly, or in any way to feel that he can

lean upon his backers and get special consideration for any extended period.

Influence all by itself is of no positive value, and is often damaging to the interests it seeks to advance. And many kindly intentions handicap the person upon whom they are conferred. It is not always the man that jumps into the water with the greatest splash and commotion that is the best swimmer: quite the contrary is the rule—you all have got to show by your own work what your value is. A recommendation detailing an honorable past is merited and useful at times. A recommendation, however, that is entirely prophetic and deals with the great things that you are going to do is a *heavy* burden to carry. Therefore bear in mind, all through your lives, that it is not what people think or hope you can do, but what you can *actually* do, that makes your reputation and stamps the "Sterling" mark on your character and ability.

NO TIME LOST.

RETURNING to the chart, I would like to call your attention to further figures and data of interest:

You will note that the untrained boy in 3 years has increased his earning power from \$3 per week to \$6.80, and you will also observe that the Williamson School boy in traversing the line between his entrance and graduation crosses the \$6.80 line after he has been in the school a year and three months. In other words, he has gained almost 2 years on the boy who entered the shop with the idea that school training was an unnecessary waste of time. It is quite evident, therefore, that time has been lost, and not gained, by entering the shop without training. Roughly, this holds true indefinitely. While the two lines run along parallel or substantially so, say for the next 4 or 5 years, you will observe that the time element is always in favor of the trained boy, and that in a very few years he is leaving his less fortunate brother well to the rear.

Our young man who has his investment within himself cannot, as I said before, lose it except through ill health or improper habits. Temporary sickness, digression from the proper path, becoming discouraged and trying some-

thing else at this stage of his career, is not fatal. It may be more or less unfortunate. But losses through these causes may be recouped, and the lesson learned through the temporary dip in the line of progress may be advantageous and result in renewed effort, and enable him to regain his position in the line, or possibly forge ahead faster than his associates, of whose company he was temporarily deprived. Thus we see that his error or misfortune has not resulted in a loss of his money or potential value. He still has it.

From the age of 20 to 21½, or for 18 months, if the untrained boy continues to do his work well, it will be seen, by reference to the chart, that his line has continued running more toward the vertical than it did from the time he was 16 until he was 19½. Now the experience which he received during the formative period is beginning to make itself very manifest. He becomes more useful as an all-around man, and you will note that his rate is increased to \$13.20 per week. Carried back to the left, we find that his potential value is working upward toward \$14,000. Now his value, while increasing, cannot increase at the ratio of the past 18 months or 2 years. He is overtaking the journeymen of his trade and is beginning to mingle with the laggards or poorer ones of the craft.

A year later, or taking the age 22½, his wage has been increased to \$14.40 per week. Again we see his potential value has gone up beyond \$14,000. For the next 18 months he continues in substantially the same line, and at 24 years of age is earning \$15 per week, and his potential value is \$15,000. In other words, he has increased his potential value \$12,000, and draws the interest on his investment in instalments once a week, and is earning 5 per cent. on his accumulated value.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

We now can draw some general conclusions from the statistics of this group of 24 young men starting at 16 years of age at \$3 per week, and at 26 years of age earning \$15 per week or thereabouts:

We find that only 5 per cent. of this class rise above this line to any marked degree. Thirty-five per cent. remain in the employ of the company and follow the line indefi-

nately. Twenty per cent. leave of their own accord, but with good records behind them (so that probably the same statistics would apply to them also—that is, 5 per cent. of them may rise above the line and 35 per cent. of them follow the line in other establishments). Forty per cent. are dismissed, and it is fair to assume that these never rise above the line. They are not dismissed at the age of 26, but fall by the wayside, unable to keep pace with the march of progress.

THE TRADE-SCHOOL BOY.

WE will now turn to the group who have entered the trade school. Starting again at the potential value of \$3000 for the boys of 16 years of age, we will follow the course of an individual, representing the average of his companions. The first noticeable thing is that for 3 years, starting from the age of 16 and terminating on the line representing 19 years, he is in school; and instead of having his wage-rate dotted along at intervals of 6 months, as in the case of the boy entering a shop without the trade-school training, we find no rates at all, and we feel justified in making this line perfectly straight, with the first money entry made upon it at the time of his graduation, at the age of 19, and entering upon his employment. We now find a most interesting state of affairs. He is employed at the rate of \$12 per week, this representing a potential value of \$12,000, or an increase *during his school term* of \$9000, or an average of \$3000 per annum. During the same term the untrained boy, you will observe, has reached a potential of \$7000 at the same age; in other words, the trained boy has a \$5000 start at the same age. Again, the untrained boy's line crosses the \$12,000 potential line at a point which indicates that he is 21 years of age. In other words, the trained boy has \$5000 advantage at the same age, and has 2 years running start on the boy who has not had the same training. Now, what does he do in the next 2 years? To follow along his career, you will note that in 6 months his rate has been increased to \$13.20 per week. One year later, or at the age of 20½, he has reached \$15 per week. The untrained man is now 24 years old and earning the same

wage, but it will be noticed that his line of progress is running more nearly parallel with the horizontal line than that of the trained man. Six months later, at the age of 21½, they part company quite decidedly, the untrained man's line running off horizontally to the right, whereas the line of the trained man is progressing onward and upward, at substantially the same angle it has shown since the time of his entrance to the trade school. Why is it possible for these two men thus to part company? It is because the untrained man can increase his rate only by remaining as a working machinist in a shop. The trained man has substantially mastered all that the untrained man has, so far as his actual labor is concerned, but he has within him other possibilities. He can now apply in a combined manner his theoretical and his practical training, becoming a leading man, possibly a foreman or a draftsman. It is now that this, his better knowledge, coupled with his intellectual improvement, makes itself most manifest. His rate at the age of 21½ is \$16 per week; his potential value \$16,000. Fourteen months later we find him earning \$18 per week; ten months later \$20 per week; and in another year, or at the age of 25, he is earning \$22 per week—a rate practically unattainable by the untrained man. Five per cent. of the untrained—those having decided genius and a faculty of improving their minds and increasing their theoretical knowledge, courage enough to take courses in the correspondence schools or obtain instruction in the evenings—rise to his class, and it is not impossible that in very rare instances would do as well through their future life. A trained man at 25 years of age has a potential value of \$22,000, or in 9 years he has increased his value \$19,000, or at the rate of \$2100 per annum, as compared with \$1300 per annum for the untrained man, and with this manifest additional advantage over the untrained man—that his line has no limitation, so far as we can see.

NEARLY ALL PUPILS OF THE TRADE SCHOOLS GRADUATE.

Now, to make a comparison of special interest, I would remind you of the fact that

nearly all of the boys entering trade schools graduate, and that it was not uncommon to have at least 50 per cent. or one half of the freshmen entering our larger colleges and universities fail of graduation, and again, that among the untrained group 40 per cent. fail to reach even the \$15 line, and that with the boys from the trade schools, in our experience, only one has failed completely, and the rest are still following the average line or have left for better positions.

The question arises, What are the personal peculiarities that prove advantageous or detrimental to an individual? We will take, if you please, the lower one of these lines, or that representing the untrained man. Suppose he were called upon to chart his own estimate of himself. The line I have shown is the employer's or, broadly speaking, the world's estimate of his worth. If, for instance, his line, as drawn by himself, were a modest one, and below the line shown on the chart, and he realized his own shortcomings and endeavored all the time to add to his value by energy in his work, by mental improvement and acquisition, and by his accumulation of general usefulness and an earnest desire to make his line rise more rapidly, it is quite evident that the net result would be a pressure exerted on the under side of the line drawn by his employer upward, and he would be a potent factor in deflecting it more toward the vertical. On the other hand, suppose the line he draws is drawn over and higher than the one drawn on the chart, what result do we have then? He is afflicted, if you please, by what is commonly called the "big head." He is dissatisfied with his progress, he is jealous of those who, from his standpoint, are making undeserved progress, part of his time is spent in brooding over his sorry lot. Instead of trying to work with all his heart and strength, he feels aggrieved and shirks his work. It is apparent that he is to be a burden on the top of the employer's line, tending to bend it downward. That he will certainly do this is, unfortunately, just as true as that, with proper effort, he might

have succeeded in bending the line upward to his advantage. Thus we see the inevitable results of two opposite mental attitudes.

A POTENTIAL VALUE OF SIX TIMES THE ACTUAL INVESTMENT.

Now what general conclusions can we draw from the facts presented? In the first place, what have been the contributing agencies to this increase in potential value? Primarily, we all would say, of course, that the investment, for instance, made by the Drexel Institute or the Williamson School was a considerable factor. In results, this is true. In actual money, it is not true. I have a letter from the president of the Williamson Trade School on this point, in which he says that the cost of training their boys is about \$500 per annum each, or \$1500 for the three-year term. Bear in mind that during this time the boys get very little, and some get nothing, from outside sources. This result is truly astounding when you consider that Mr. Williamson's payment of \$1500 for each of the scholars shows an increase in potential value of the individual of \$9000, or a gain of six times the investment. Truly the seed has fallen upon fallow ground. The individual to whom has been given this opportunity certainly has appreciated it, and has rendered his benefactor thanks of the noblest character. Imagine, if you can, the satisfaction to Mr. Williamson, Mr. Drexel, and other generous men, now gone from this earth, if they could become aware of the good work they have left behind them! It is inconceivable that there can possibly be any other form of bequest which will bear so valuable fruit in such abundance. It is interesting, in this practical age, to be able to see in dollars the result of such wise and beneficent contributions. The only public work that can possibly compare with it is that of our hospitals, where, by restoring thousands to health and rendering them able to work, the money invested is multiplied many fold—and this in addition to its benefits or the philanthropic side of the question.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

(As narrated by Linda.)

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

CHARLIE ADAMS caught up with me on our way to school, and said, "Guess who are at odds now! Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy!"

"Not really!" I exclaimed. "Not Pris and Polly?"

"Pris and Polly — *thim same*," Charlie said.

But I did n't believe it, and I told him so. Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy could n't quarrel with each other to save their lives. And certainly they had been boon comrades only the afternoon before. Charlie said that did n't matter at all; it did n't take girls long to fall out, he had noticed. That boy has *noticed* a lot!

But it was different with Pris and Polly, I told him. It was perfectly ridiculous! I asked who had told him such a silly tale.

He said that nobody had told him — he had *seen*. And with that mysterious look of his, he quoted, "'I,' said the fly, 'with my little eye.'"

Then I grew cross. I told him that he'd better look again; that the girls *could n't* quarrel.

But you never can get anything out of a boy that way. Charlie just said, "Oh, all right; then they have n't!" and began to whistle. So I sighed, and said that I was dreadfully afraid they had, for he was quite a Sherlock Holmes about finding things out; and in two minutes I knew all that he knew.

"Why, look here, Linda Prescott!" he said. "If you had seen Polly stop for Pris on her way to school every morning for years, and then, this morning, go right by and never even look at the house, would n't you think there was something wrong? And Polly hardly gets by when out comes Pris and sails up the street behind her, as cool as the north side of a stone wall. Oh, there's trouble brewing!"

Just the same, when I went into the school-room I expected to find Polly and Priscilla together, as they always were. But I did n't. Polly was at the piano, helping Miss Lindsay

choose the morning songs, and Pris was at her desk, studying.

Now Pris did not study when she did n't have to, and I went straight down and asked her what was wrong. She said, "Oh, nothing," but her voice sounded "frigid," as Charlie would have said. Then she asked me about a geometry problem, so we worked together until the bell rang. But she did n't know a thing she was doing, and I felt her sob once when Polly's gay laugh came back to us.

"Tell me, Prissie," I whispered; but she shook her head. I wanted to shake Polly, for I was sure that it was all her fault.

When the first song was given out I fairly held my breath for fear Pris would n't offer Polly part of her book, as usual. If she did, then there was n't any serious trouble, after all. And the next moment, to my joy, I saw Pris holding her book out to Polly in her sweet little way; and then I almost groaned, for Polly swung completely around and helped herself to half of my book.

Pris turned red and then white. I was scared. I thought that she was going to faint, or cry, perhaps. But she did n't. In a moment she began to sing as if nothing had happened. I never could have done it! But your meek, quiet little people surprise you with their grit sometimes.

And was n't I just furious at Polly! And Polly flared up at me, and we were saying angry things to each other, when suddenly we saw Dr. Hunt looking at us, and we had to go to singing, instead.

Of course, as a very intimate friend of both the girls, all the other girls expected me to give them a full account of the quarrel. And I had to tell them that I did n't know one thing. I told them, too, that the office of peacemaker was vacant, so far as I was concerned.

Ben Harris said that they would have it all

made up in a day or two, but I said I did n't think they would. Poor little Pris would n't dare try again, after that dreadful snub, and Polly was too proud and stubborn to try at all.

I was right about it, too. Polly and Pris kept it up for days, and it was horrid for everybody. I don't think any of us had ever realized before how much of our fun was due to those two girls. It had been an unusual week when Polly had n't asked us all down for a singing party or a candy-pull; and on every Friday evening Mrs. Pomeroy had let us roll the rug back in the big parlor and had played for us to dance.

And now it was all over, for, somehow, it did n't seem to occur to Pris or Polly that it was possible to have a party without Polly or Pris; and the rest of us did n't have the heart to plan for things without them, for we found that they would both stay away for fear of meeting each other. I suppose the worst enemies are made out of the best friends.

And the fun of it was, neither girl would say one word to show what it was all about. Their mothers tried to settle it once, but they could n't find anything to settle, they said. Judge Pomeroy said it was his opinion that they had quarreled about nothing, and were merely holding out in order to convince themselves that it all had been worth quarreling about. And I believe they would be holding out yet if it had n't been for a little school-room mishap.

Dr. Hunt is very severe about note-writing in school. It is silly and unnecessary, he says; we see one another morning, noon, and night, but if we feel that we must say something to somebody between times, we are to get permission and go and say it. He almost never makes a rule: he just asks us to do things, or



"IF YOU HAD SEEN POLLY GO RIGHT BY AND NEVER EVEN LOOK AT THE HOUSE!"

not to do them; and he is so nice about it that we generally do, or don't.

But one day in April, during the "Pollo-Priscillacan war," as Charlie called it, Dr. Hunt saw

a note flying across the room. He did n't try to find out who sent it; he just added a few words to his former remarks on the subject, and said he felt sure that it would not happen again. The very next day he discovered another. Then he was angry, and I did n't blame him. He said that he simply would not have note-writing in his school, and the next person he caught writing, throwing, or passing a note he would suspend for the rest of the year. He looked white and stern, and his voice was terribly quiet, as it always is when he's excited.

Then, almost before Dr. Hunt had left the room, Polly threw a note. It skimmed straight across and fell on Charlie Adams's desk with a snap. Miss Browne, who was in charge of the room, looked up sharply, but too late to see anything unusual.

I reasoned with Polly afterward. I told her I did n't see any sense in deliberately breaking a rule like that. But she said that she would look after Polly Phelps's manners if I would look after Linda Prescott's.

I could n't understand what had got into Polly. She was always lively and daring, but now she was positively rude and reckless. It worried me.

Well, one afternoon, about a week later, we had excitement enough, only Polly missed part of it. The last classes were just going out when I saw Dr. Hunt looking intently at a certain spot on the floor, down by John Porter's seat. He waited until the classes were quite out, and then he asked John if that was a note there by his desk.

John evidently had n't discovered it, but he picked it up and said that it looked like one. Dr. Hunt asked John to bring it to him. John did, and Dr. Hunt held it up and asked if the person who wrote it would please claim it and save him the trouble of opening it.

Nobody stirred. Everybody was scared, and Pris looked ready to cry. Somehow, I was afraid that the note was hers, she looked so troubled. Still, it was n't a bit like her to disobey.

Dr. Hunt waited a minute; then he slowly unfolded the note. I did so hope that it was n't signed! But he just glanced at it once, and, raising his eyes, said deliberately: "Priscilla Pomeroy, will you come here, please?"

Pris gave a sudden start, turned white, but steadied herself and walked up the aisle very calmly. Dr. Hunt held the open note out and said: "Are n't those your initials?"

Pris hesitated just a second, then she lifted her head proudly and looked straight into his eyes. "Yes, Dr. Hunt," she said in her clear, sweet voice, "they certainly are."

"It would have been more honorable to claim the note in the first place," he said. "You might have known that I would find out. You may get your books and go."

His voice sounded dreadfully sorry. I think he regretted the rule, for he is very fond of Pris. Everybody loves Pris Pomeroy, she is so dear and sweet.

There was a queer little look on her face when she came back to get her books. It was n't a bit unhappy or ashamed, but glad and — well, almost *shining*. And she walked out with the sweetest dignity! I was proud of her.

When Polly came back from her class and saw Pris's empty seat, I saw questions fairly popping out of her eyes. She would n't ask, though, and I was n't going to tell her. Somehow, I felt hateful toward Polly those days. But Fred Hamlin whispered across the aisle that Pris had been dismissed.

Polly flung herself around and faced me with a terrible look in her eyes. "Linda Prescott, what's the matter? Where is Pris?" she said.

I told her to keep still, Dr. Hunt was looking; but she said: "Linda, you *must* tell me — quick!" The bell for dismissal rang just then, so I told her.

And she just put her head down on my desk and cried as if her heart was broken. I had never seen Polly cry before, and I did n't know what to say. But before long she sat up and laughed. "Oh, the little idiot!" she said. "The dear little idiot!" Then she dragged me to the office with her, while she told Dr. Hunt.

Polly never leads up to a subject. She just walked straight to the desk and said: "Dr. Hunt, Priscilla Pomeroy did n't throw that note. I threw it."

Dr. Hunt looked indignant. "Why in the world did n't you say so before, then, Mary?" he asked.

Polly fairly blazed. "I hope you don't think I'm quite so mean as *that*, Dr. Hunt!" she snapped out. "I threw the note as I was going to my class, and I was n't in the room when you found it."

Dr. Hunt said, "Well, well, well!" and took the note from his pocket. The dear man looked completely befogged. "But Priscilla told me that *she* wrote it," he said.

"No," I said; "I beg your pardon, Dr. Hunt, but Pris did n't say she *wrote* it. You asked her if those were n't her initials, and she just said they were."

"And they are," he said. "They are n't yours, Mary."

Polly laughed and promptly explained that she was *Mary* only in school; she was called Polly always, and she always signed herself Polly.

"And I tell you I wrote that note," she finished. "Why, allow me, please." She scribbled something on a sheet of paper and pushed it across the desk to him. He compared it with the note.

"Just alike," he said, as solemn as a judge, though his eyes were screwing up at the corners. "Your evidence is incontrovertible, Mistress Mary. But may I ask what Priscilla thought she was doing?"

"She thought she was saving me," Polly said. "You see, Dr. Hunt," she went on, "Priscilla and I are—that is, we *were* good friends, and—"

"*Are!*" the doctor thundered. "*Are*, young lady! Don't you know that friendship like that

never can have a past tense? But what was the child thinking of? She might have known that her sacrifice could n't succeed; you were bound to spoil it."

Polly said that would n't have occurred to Pris until some time next week, and Dr. Hunt



"DR. HUNT GAVE THE DESK A THUMP." (SEE PAGE 70.)

told her to go straight down and see that it occurred to her immediately; and to be sure to tell her to come back to school to-morrow.

Polly nodded. Then she put out her hand and said: "Well, good-by, Dr. Hunt. I'll be back next fall."

The doctor looked absolutely dumfounded.

"What's all this? What is the matter? What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Why," Polly explained, "you know you said that you would suspend the next person you caught —"

Dr. Hunt gave the desk such a thump that his glasses flew off.

"Young lady," he said, "if you went out to catch rabbits, and one jumped into your hands, would you say that you had *caught* him?"

"You made the rule, Dr. Hunt," said Polly.

"Then I'll unmake the rule," he said quietly. "You'll come to school to-morrow — do you understand, Miss Phelps?"

Polly murmured something about its demoralizing the school, but he just laughed.

"You young torment!" he said. "I'll risk the demoralizing. And if you are not here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning I — I shall send the truant officer after you!"

"Yes, sir," Polly said, very meekly; "and thank you, sir."

We turned to go, but Polly flung herself around again in her sudden way, and said:

"Dr. Hunt, you've been more than kind to us all. And I'm never going to write, throw, or receive another note — never!"

"Well, well, well!" Dr. Hunt said. "That is welcome information, and I am glad to hear it."

I went down to Pris's with Polly. I wanted to see what they would say. But it was very disappointing. Polly just walked in, as if she had never missed a day, called Pris a precious little goose, and told her to stop for her in the morning. And would Pris come over after supper and play ping-pong? Pris looked perfectly happy and seemed to understand.

And that was all!

And we never knew what they had quarreled about, either. Charlie Adams did ask Pris that night, and she laughed and said she had never been quite sure herself.

"Why, yes," Polly said. "Don't you know, Pris? You said —"

"Polly, I *did* n't!" Pris put in. "I said —"

But she did n't get any further, for Charlie pretended to be very much alarmed, and dashed between them.

"Hi, drop it!" he yelled, and waved his racket. It was too realistic, he said, and the cause of the "late unpleasantness" was as plain to him as a pikestaff. Besides, he had *noticed* that the same old road was pretty likely to lead right back to the same old place.

But I do think he might have waited for Pris to tell what it was that she had said. Not that I have any curiosity, only I'd just like to know.





NOVEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

OVER the country-side
The turkey struts with pride,
And seems to say:

"How nobly I adorn
This smiling autumn morn
So blithe and gay!"

But he 'll adorn a plate
When we shall celebrate
Thanksgiving day.

ME. LEONG P.

Nature and Science for Young Folks



Edited by Edward F. Bigelow

Fie upon thee, November! Thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters: thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare, capricious loveliness.
Thou 'rt trying to put on!—JULIA C. R. DORR.

BETWEEN THE HEAT AND THE COLD.

WHAT a difference and yet what a similarity between the balmy days of spring and the Indian summer of October or November! The first, a

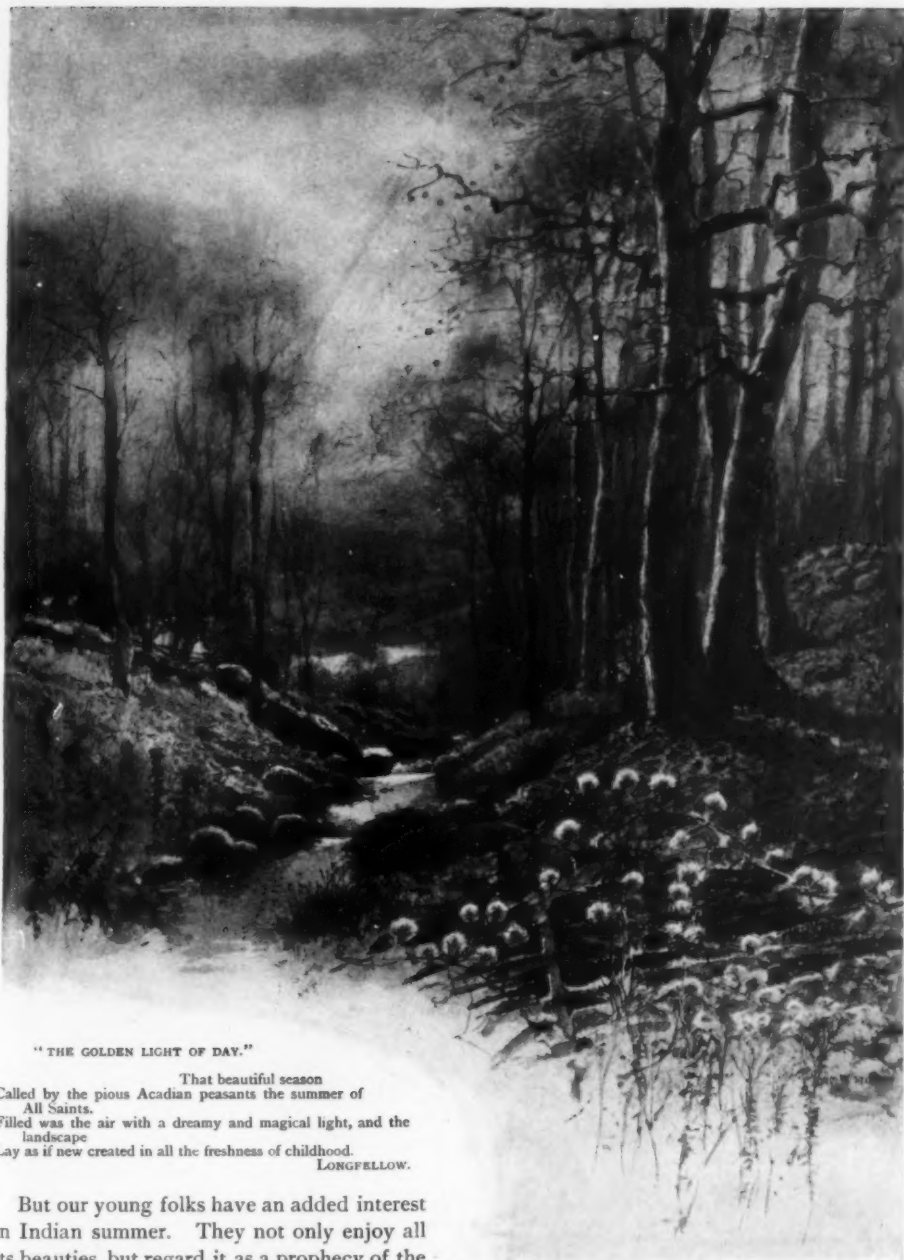


"TO THE FAR NORTH
THE WINTRY WINDS
ARE BLOWING."

changing of cold to heat, Burroughs calls inspiration; and the second, heat to cold, expiration. He also calls attention to the fact that "the delicious Indian summer is sometimes the most marked in November. A truce is declared, and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field."

Away to the far north the wintry winds are blowing (and soon they will be here), piling up the snow in great banks and driving down our juncos, crossbills, and other winter birds. The August heat has gone south, taking our summer birds with it. On an Indian-summer day we are in the middle ground, neither too hot nor too cold, but just in poise, like a boy in a boat out on a lake when there is no rowing, no current, no wind. And at this hazy time of year there is an indescribable charm in the quietness and in the peculiar golden light of day and the silvery light by night.

"THE AUGUST HEAT HAS GONE
SOUTH, TAKING OUR SUMMER BIRDS
WITH IT."



"THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF DAY."

That beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of
All Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the
landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
LONGFELLOW.

But our young folks have an added interest in Indian summer. They not only enjoy all its beauties, but regard it as a prophecy of the winter sports. It means to them that winter is coming—winter, with all its keen and zestful enjoyments. Another poet of New England, Lowell, in writing "An Indian-Summer Reverie," had not forgotten these pleasant anticipations that November brought in his boyhood days:

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THE MOONLIGHT IN INDIAN SUMMER IS PECULIARLY SILVERY. THIS IS ESPECIALLY APPARENT WHEN VIEWED ACROSS A SMALL LAKE OR POND.

And all around me every bush and tree
Says autumn 's here, and winter soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over
all. . . .

While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates.

POSSUM WAYS.

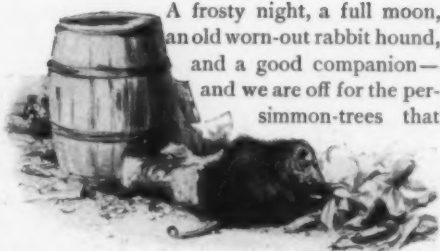
THERE are few country boys living south of a line running through New Jersey and westward to Ohio who do not know the mild fun of a moonlight possum hunt, few who have not reached gingerly into some old hollow stump and pulled out the smiling, unworried marsupial. Unless my experience is a very uncommon one, there are few boys within that district who have not taken their prize home, put him in a barrel to await the morning, and found next morning, to their chagrin, that he would not stay in the barrel; there were greater at-



"REACHED GINGERLY INTO SOME OLD HOLLOW STUMP AND PULLED OUT THE SMILING, UNWORRIED MARSUPIAL."

tractions outside. Later he took occasion in the moonlight to go back to his home stump.

Somehow it was always a relief to me when the possum did that. It was much more fun to go out the next night through the corn-fields looking for him than killing and eating him would have been. Possums are good to eat, but eating is not the whole of life,—even to a small boy,—and killing is bad work.



"HE WOULD NOT STAY IN THE BARREL: THERE WERE GREATER ATTRACTIONS OUTSIDE."

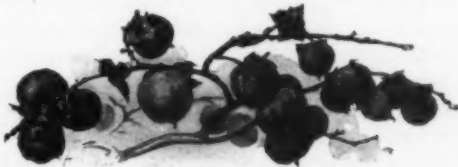
grow here and there scattered around the ponds along the lanes and about the margins of the fields.

It is the first of November. The persimmons hang on their leafless twigs like big beads, silvered with a double plate—a wash of frost and a wash of moonlight. No wonder the possums like them! What boy does not like them, too? Here is a tree, a great sixty-footer, that bears only small puckery persimmons, no matter how the frosts bite; but just beyond is a little tree—you know it—with large deep garnet fruit, so sugary that they cannot spoil, and there you stop—if the possums have not already stopped before you.

I have seen boys whom I have taken to my favorite trees get so greedy after the first taste that they could not take time to pick out the seeds, but swallowed the persimmons whole, until they simply had to quit.

The possums also know these sugary trees; their tooth is as sweet as ours. Here, nosing about on the ground or hanging by hind feet and tails in the laden limbs, the boy will find them and start them, if on the ground, wabbling off toward home.

A fat possum can run faster than a dog that is dead and buried, but only a very little faster. He does not depend on his legs for safety;



PERSIMMONS—THE FAVORITE FOOD OF POSSUMS.

they are too slow: nor yet on his wits; for they are still slower. He trusts very largely to stump-holes, to luck, and to his distinguished slowness.

No one is ever in a hurry with a possum. He is such a slow, simple dolt that no despatch, no precautions, are needed with him. He seems to have observed this, and takes advantage of it—which may mean that his wits are not so slow, after all. He will escape, if there is a way; and if there is no way, he will sleep sweetly until one comes.

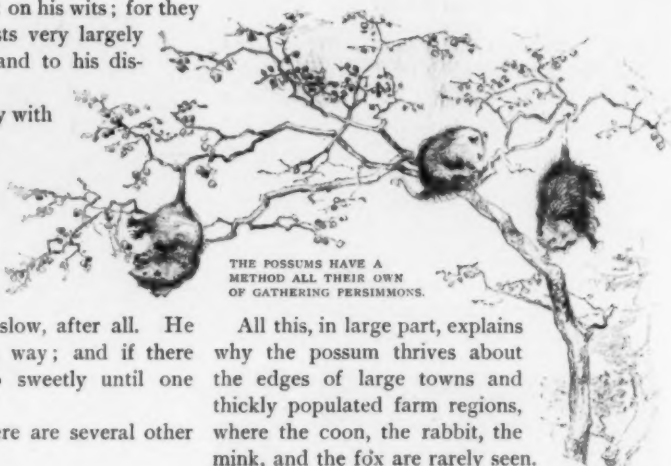
Besides these traits, there are several other



WHAT A NICE WAY TO HIDE!
"Count the little noses sticking out."

habits that contribute to the possum's remarkably successful battle for life and liberty among its hosts of enemies. First there is usually a large family. Count the little noses sticking out in the above picture. And there were five more than you see in the picture in this particular family, that I caught one day beside a stump.

Again, the possum will eat anything that can be eaten—"fish, flesh, or fowl." Persimmons first, but they do not last the year round, so, between persimmon-times, chicken, corn, fish, frogs, berries, anything will do. Then, too, the colored people, as a rule, are the only people wise enough to eat possum; and as he is not particularly destructive, and does not wear a hide worth curing, he is not seriously hunted.



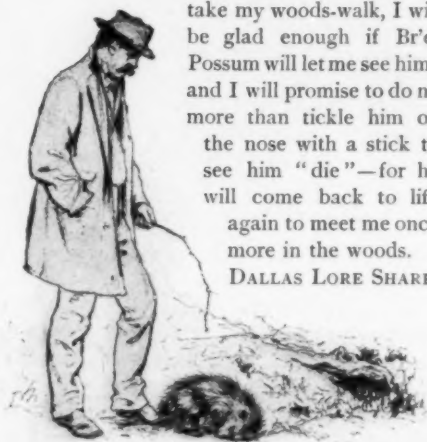
THE POSSUMS HAVE A
METHOD ALL THEIR OWN
OF GATHERING PERSIMMONS.

All this, in large part, explains why the possum thrives about the edges of large towns and thickly populated farm regions, where the coon, the rabbit, the mink, and the fox are rarely seen.

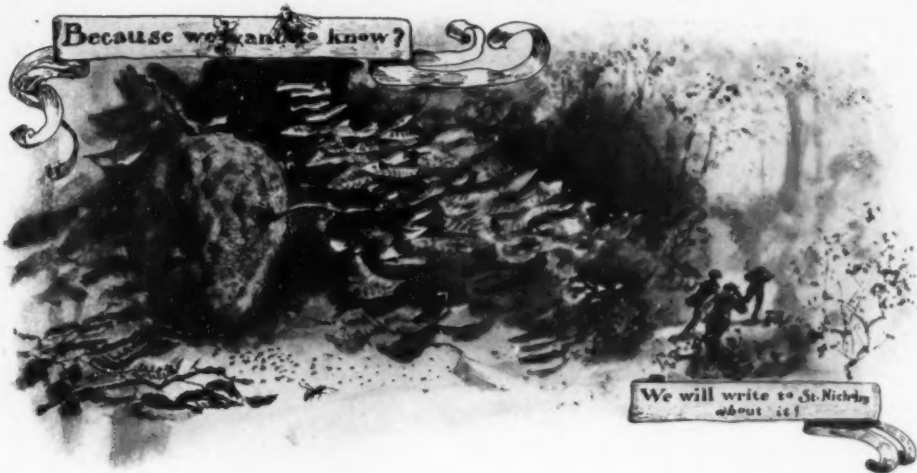
And he does thrive. How numerous they are may be seen from the fact that one Christmas I received fifty-three from the woods about Bridgeton, New Jersey, and took them back to the New England University for biological study. Of course the neighbors helped me. But all I had to do was to take a day's tramp among the wood-choppers and farmer acquaintances, making my possum-wants known, and the possums came in, in ones and twos and threes, costing at most only twenty-five cents apiece.

Long may he survive! I will be one to eat turkey this Thanksgiving instead of possum, and after dinner, when I take my woods-walk, I will be glad enough if Br'er Possum will let me see him; and I will promise to do no more than tickle him on the nose with a stick to see him "die"—for he will come back to life again to meet me once more in the woods.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.



"TICKLE HIM ON THE NOSE WITH A STICK TO SEE HIM 'DIE.'"



INQUISITIVENESS.

THIS one word contains nearly as many letters as the five words so familiar to nature and science observers—"because we want to know." But the variety of expressions of the same state of mind is not limited to single words or combinations of words, long or short. Actions, in this matter at least, often speak louder than words.

Perhaps the most concentrated, lively, pointed, and effective method of inquiry is that in common use by the hornets. Along in November a hornets' nest has been discovered in the bushes, and, of course, the young folks "want to know" whether the inhabitants have been killed by the frosts, so that the branch may safely be cut off and the nest carried home. Their plan is to throw sticks at the nest from a distance, or to punch it with a long pole, going nearer and nearer if no hornets appear. But the hornets do appear! It is not late enough in the season; the nights have not been cold enough. They appear in full force, in great eagerness to know why the young folks were disturbing their snug home.

Perhaps the girls and boys running in the distance will "write to St. NICHOLAS" and tell us of this method of expressing curiosity, or at least of responding to curiosity.

Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp has told us already of the fox's quiet method of expressing curiosity.

(See page 938, Nature and Science for August.)

And we all are familiar with the saucy curiosity of the red squirrel. We know how he will creep down the tree, tauntingly barking, till, with a laugh-like explosion of sound, he whirls and frisks up the tree, as if making fun of us, his curiosity now fully gratified. Soon his curiosity seems to return, and even increases, as down he comes inquiringly again, to repeat the whole performance with increased activity and daring.

Of the birds, undoubtedly the blue jays have the most inquisitiveness. And they are the most noisy in expressing it; although crows will hold a close second place, if not fully the equal. How the jays screeched and whistled and called—a confusion of all the sounds of jaydom—near my home recently! More than a dozen darted into a small evergreen tree on the lawn. People came from several houses in the vicinity, all curious to know "What is the matter with the birds?" It seemed to be a "want to know" on both sides. The jays had discovered a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree. There was no nest in the vicinity, and, so far as could be ascertained, the cat had not attacked the jays. But what a pandemonium of jay jargon over one meek-looking, quiet cat! The jays outdid themselves, and called out nearly all the occupants of the many houses on that street.

DESCRIPTION OF A PORPOISE.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While visiting my cousins at Lawrence, Long Island, this summer, we went to Far Rockaway to bathe in the surf. And there I saw a sight which interested me greatly and made me wish to know something about it.

It was on a warm morning, and my cousin and I were out near the end of the bathing-rope, when we saw what looked like a large black wheel going round and round in the water, making a great foam. There seemed to be two or three of these wheels, coming one right after the other in a line. On looking closer we saw shiny black heads rise above the water, followed so soon by the back fins that they looked like ears on the head. They came quite near the shore, sometimes disappearing altogether and then rising again, leaving a long track behind them. Men went out in boats after them, but they could not get near them, as they went very fast. Some one said they were sea-porpoises, and I would like to know about them, if you will please tell me.

Your interested reader,

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

The animal you so well describe is evidently the common harbor-porpoise (*Phocaena communis*). This is found abundantly on the east coast of North America, from Nova Scotia to Florida, and also in Europe, and sometimes ascends rivers into fresh water. It is known to the fishermen as "puffer," "snuffer," "snuffing-pig," and "herring-hog." Drove of from ten to upward of two hundred herring-hogs are sometimes seen, and they may readily be recognized by their shining black color and rolling or wheeling motion. They never spring from the water as do dolphins, but bring their head, back, and back fin into view when they come to the surface to breathe. The nostrils are so situated on the top of the snout that the porpoise must assume a somewhat erect position in order to expose them to the air; the head, therefore, always comes out first, and this is quickly followed by the back fin. In descending from the erect posture, the body of the porpoise passes through a considerable part of a circle, and hence is produced the characteristic rolling motion. A little puff of spray from the nostrils and a curious grunt accompany the appearance of the head above the surface. Porpoises feed chiefly on fish,



THE PORPOISE.

especially school-fish like menhaden and mackerel, and consume enormous numbers of such fish daily. They are hunted for their oil and hide.—H. M. SMITH, *Assistant in Charge of Scientific Inquiry, Woods Hole, Mass.*

DOLPHIN AND PORPOISE.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what is the difference between a dolphin and a porpoise.

Your faithful reader,

HORACE H. UNDERWOOD (age 11).

Popularly, the terms dolphin and porpoise are often used without distinction—that is,



THE DOLPHIN.

both names are applied to a dolphin and to a porpoise. Strictly speaking, the common porpoise of the Atlantic coast is an animal known to scientists as *Phocaena communis*, and is about five feet long, with blunt head and a thick body that tapers toward the tail. Its name is from the Latin *porcus*, a hog, and *piscis*, a fish—the hogfish, and that literal translation of its name conveys a very good description of the animal, which is also called "herring-hog," "puffing-pig," etc.

The common dolphin of the Atlantic Ocean (*Delphinus delphis*) is about six feet long when full-grown. The snout is longer and sharper than that of the porpoise, and its body is more slender. The dolphins often follow ships in large herds, performing gambols and acrobatic feats, to the great amusement of the passengers. This dolphin must not be confounded with the large pelagic fish which has the same name; it is noted for its beautiful colors and for the brilliant changes shown when dying, and is often seen in mid-ocean chasing the flying-fishes.

FLYING-SQUIRRELS.

FARIBAULT, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day mama found a lot of soft gray fur and a queer little skeleton in one of the bedrooms of our summer cottage.

One night a little while afterward I was up in the attic getting a fish-pole, when I saw a pair of sharp black eyes looking down at me. I knew that it was the same

kind of an animal that my mother had found dead. But I did not know then what it was. It was not long, however, before my father saw one of them and told me that they were flying-squirrels. The one we found dead must have fallen down from the attic, and starved to death. The little squirrels we have seen are gray. Their breasts are white, their tails bushy but flat, and they are short, with plump little bodies.

One night I saw a flying-squirrel in the trees. He did not fly upward, but spread out his "wings" and sailed from the top of one tree to the bottom of the next, using his flat tail to steer with. The little squirrels we had seen in the attic seemed to be so friendly that I thought they would make nice little pets, so I set some traps which I hoped would catch them; but I never caught one in that way. But at last a baby squirrel fell down from the attic, and we caught it by dropping a towel over it; then we picked it up carefully and put it into a squirrel-cage. Then there was so much noise in the attic that we went up and caught two more that were looking for the missing one. When we put them into the cage they sat right up and began to eat some corn I had put in for them. One day I found a large bug. I put it into the squirrels' cage, and the next morning I found the bug's wings in the bottom of the cage. The squirrels had eaten the rest of it. Every night when it begins to get dark I take a lantern out and set it so that it lets just a little light into the cage; then I watch the little squirrels for a while. When they first come out of the nest they go down and eat something. They always eat the bark off the branches I put in for them to play on. But after they eat a few minutes they are very lively, and play about like kittens. Sometimes when one of them gets something very good to eat the others will try to take it away from him. One night when I went out to watch them, a big fat woodchuck got up and ran away. He had been crouching down beside the cage. I do not know if he meant to harm my pets or not. Last night we caught one more flying-squirrel, so I have four now.

FLORENCE BLODGETT.

THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day in the woods I caught several glimpses of a bird about as big as a robin, with white on each wing and the tail, and a great deal of black. It seemed to have some red on it, and its bill was blunt and stout. It was so exceedingly shy that



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

the least noise scared it, and I could not study it at all. The next day I heard a great rustling in the leaves on the ground, and thought there must be a chicken scratching there; so I crept up, but found the same bird very busy scratching in the leaves and eating seeds or insects. It did not notice me at all and I could watch it very well. It had a black head, throat, wings, back, and tail; a good deal of white on the wings, tail, and in a streak down the belly; the sides and part of breast red-chestnut; and the eyes red. After it discovered me, it flew away crying, "Chewink, chewink, chewink!" So I knew it was a towhee or chewink bird.

CAROL BRADLEY (age 14).

While calling at the cottage of the Rev. J. D. King, Cottage City, Massachusetts, I noted that several chewinks were in the yard. He writes me as follows:

Twenty-five years ago chewinks were very plentiful, but they disappeared almost entirely till, a year ago last summer, a pair of them came shyly into my front yard, evidently in search of insects.

They mixed freely with the robins, seeming to ignore their presence. They must have raised a nest of young ones in the neighborhood, for when they returned last summer, four or five additional ones came with them. They were evidently young birds. I threw out waste canary-seed in the back yard, which they very soon found, after which they were frequent visitors, furtive at first; but in time they gained confidence, and my presence at a little distance did not seem to disturb them, though they kept very close watch upon me. But they gained more confidence when the grapes were ripe, or their appetites overcame their fears, for then they would allow me very close while feeding. I noticed that they knew a plump, ripe cluster when they saw it, very kindly leaving the poor fruit for Mrs. King to work up into preserves.



THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY ROSE C. GOODE (AGE 17).
(Cash Prize.)

BECAUSE, to-day, I heard a merry tune
Played in the city street,
That ever rose above the city's noise,
And laughed through all the sound of passing feet,
I stood again in fancy by the sea,
And felt its salt breath blowing over me.

I saw the sky star-spangled as it was
When first I heard that little giddy tune;
I saw the glory path of molten gold
That stretched away to touch the rising moon,
While in my ears the ceaseless city roar
Sounded as breakers foaming 'gainst the shore.

NOVEMBER is the birth month of ST. NICHOLAS. Thirty years ago the first number of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine went out to seek its way into the homes and hearts of American boys and girls. Thirty years seems a long time to young people, and especially to those subscribers whose parents were among the boys and girls of yesterday who were first to open the door and bid our good saint welcome. There are houses to which ST. NICHOLAS has been a monthly visitor ever since the first slender number so long ago, and the red-covered bound volumes have become worn and shaky as one generation after another of eager hands have carried them from shelf to table, from table to floor, and thumbed and turned the pages backward and forward through thirty years.

How good those old numbers were! We early readers feel quite sure that no magazine to-day could ever be made quite so good as those. Certainly no magazine can ever be to us so real and true, and take us into that wonderful dream-world of real things that we found in those old pages. Ah, me! perhaps, after all, it is we who have changed, and the boys and girls of to-day will read and remember the numbers now with the

same fondness that filled us for those of the bygone years. The past and the things of youth are always dear to us. Sadness and disappointment fade and are forgotten, but that which has given us pleasure seems to grow fairer with each year. The old game, the old study, and the old magazine are prized more and more as they drift farther from us, enhanced and glorified in the golden mists of memory.

November is also the birth month of the St. Nicholas League, and in the four years that have elapsed since the announcement of the new organization we have seen some of our boys and girls grow to be men and women and take their places among the art and literary workers on both sides of the ocean. Perhaps their names are not widely known as yet, but it requires no prophet to foretell that among them, and among those talented ones who are still working and striving month after month, resolved not to fail, believing only in success, there will be found many whose names and work the world will be glad to recognize and to honor.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 47.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.
Verse. Cash prize, **Rose C. Goode** (age 17), Boydton, Va.

Gold badges, **Marjorie V. Betts** (age 14), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ontario, Canada, and **William Laird Brown** (age 15), 26 N. Rigby Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

Silver badges, **H. Mabel Sawyer** (age 11), 611 N. 4th St., Keokuk, Iowa, and **Marguerite Borden** (age 16), Estero, Lee Co., Fla.

Prose. Gold badges, **Dorothy Eckl** (age 15), 1641 Reid St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Mary W. Woodman** (age 16), Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Phyllis Valentine Wannamaker** (age 14), 100 Highland Court, Elyria, Ohio, and **Edith J. Minaker** (age 11), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada.

Drawings. Gold badges, **Ruth E. Crombie** (age 15), 40 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Melville Coleman Levey** (age 15), 1988 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen Adele Fleck** (age 16), 3202 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., **Anna Zucker** (age 16), 1614 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Dorothy J. Hamilton** (age 9), 316 Pine St., Stevens Point, Wis.

Photography. Cash prize, **Robert Y. Hayne** (age 14), San Mateo, Cal.

Gold badge, **Carl Matz** (age 16), 606 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Freda Messervy** (age 12), Norton, Shawford, Hants, England, **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 10), Conway, Mass., and **Fonda Cunningham** (age 9), Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Cedar Bird and Young," **Dunton Hamlin** (age 15), Box 82, Orono, Me. Second prize, "Crow," **Eleanor Houston Hill** (age 9), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Young Flicker," **Frederick L. Gates** (age 16), 172 Union St., Montclair, N. J.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margaret Abbott** (age 13), Hendersonville, N. C., and **Samuel Wohl-gemuth** (age 16), 202 Stanton St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 N. Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla., and **L. Arnold Post** (age 14), Stanfordville, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver badges, **Norton Woods** (age 14), Maumee, Ohio, and **Bessie Garrison** (age 13), Austin, Tex.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

As, glorified by golden haze,
The mountains gleam afar,
So glow the joys of other days,
So sweet their mem'ries are.

The distant hills more brightly gleam—
More fair, though far away.
So old-time fishing journeys seem
More bright and fair to-day.

The calm, sweet earth was green around,
And fresh with morning dew;
Above, the sunrise glory crowned
A vault of stainless blue.

Through sluggish deep and babbling shoal
The creek in shadow flowed;
It loitered past the swimming-hole,
It murmured by the road.

The rods were only saplings green,
The fish we caught were small;
Yet were those bygone days, I ween,
The happiest of all.

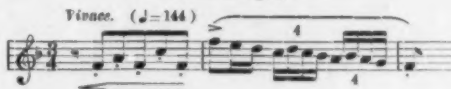
And never do the bells of joy
Such lovely music chime
As to a careless, healthy boy
In dear vacation-time.

St. Nicholas League membership is free. Send for a badge and instruction leaflet.

BACH'S INVENTION No. VIII.

BY DOROTHY ECKL (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)



If you who are studying music have never played or heard the eighth one of Bach's two-voiced inventions, I can only say, see that you do.

In these modern times it seems sometimes as if Bach has been relegated "to the shelf." But, all the same, Bach was and always will be the King of Music. All the delicate modulations of Wagner, all the grandeur of Beethoven, had been given to the world long ago by Johann Sebastian Bach. I have only to refer you to his "Fantasia Cromatica"—oh, well, I am going to speak of his eighth invention now.

I learned it when I was about ten years old, and it



"A FIELD SKETCH." BY MELVILLE COLEMAN LEVEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

has been growing up with me ever since. And the story that I made up to it then I will relate now.

The time is early morning. The sun has taken his beauty sleep, and is all ready to be admired.

The scene is a large green meadow, a few trees, a path running from east to west, a fence, and a gate. All is serene.

Then up the path from the east comes a dapper little gentleman of grandfather's time, with frills and tucks and laces, etc.—a "dudish" little man, and on he comes, prancing and balancing his cane.

What is he doing so early? Oh, well, never mind.

But, lo and behold! From the west dawns another little man, a counterpart of Gentleman I. At the gate they meet.

And then there is a bowing and a bending, and



"THE GREAT, DEEP WOODS OF CALIFORNIA." BY ROBERT V. HAYNE, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

"Oh, good morning," says Gentleman I. "My dear sweet sir, I am—"

"Oh, good morning. How charming—"

"Pray what brings you at this early hour?"

"And you?"

Then they both chime in:

"Is it not superb—the sunrise?" Then Gentleman I sniffs some breath, and Gentleman II continues:

"My dear sir, in all secrecy—I would not disturb your peace of mind, but—"

"Pray do not trouble."

"The people say of late you seem to be less particular of your appearance."

"Sir!"

More bowing on the part of Gentleman II.

"Oh, let it not disturb you, sir. My dear sir, I—"

"Do not mention it. Only a momentary attack of anger."

"Let us exchange the heavenly snuff, and a good morning to you."

"Sweet blessings on you."

And both together:

"Good morning."

And they depart.

If you do not know the delightful little piece of music you cannot be interested. But that 's just my point. You *should* know it.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers. Any reader of this magazine, whether a subscriber or not, may become a League member and compete for prizes. A badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.

MIKEY'S FUTURE INVENTION.

BY MARY W. WOODMAN (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

MIKEY found himself floating swiftly through the air. How high up he was, and what a delightful sensation! The air was soft and he was gliding so smoothly and easily along.

Often a look of pity crept over his freckled face as he saw the people shivering on the streets 'way, 'way below; then again a smile at his own warmth and happiness.

Why was he so warm, while those on the snowy streets below drew their cloaks tightly about them?

In one little hand Mikey held fast his telegrams—such a lot of them!

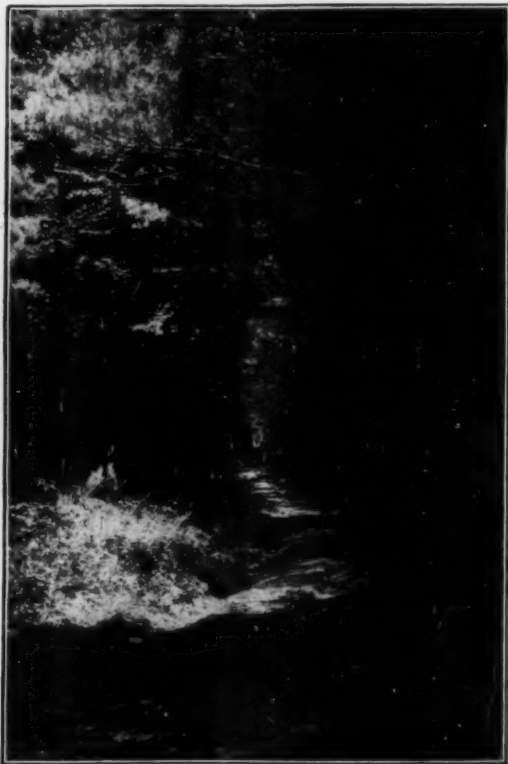
There seemed to be one for every house; but how easy it was!

He did n't have to ring the bell, and stamp his cold feet until the door was opened. No, not *he*!

Why, all he did was to drop his telegram above the house, and see the yellow slip grow smaller as it drifted down. Then, as the message glided nearer to the house, a hand came up from the roof-top and took it in.

At every house a telegram was sent whirling downward, and each time a hand came out of the roof and drew it in.

How queer it was that the message should always fly



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY CARL MATZ, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

down exactly right, to be received by that mysterious hand!

Would Mikey's telegrams never be delivered?

No matter how many were dropped down into the mysterious hand, his own hand was as full as ever,

This made no difference to Mikey, for he was having such a blissful time gliding so softly, gently, peacefully through the air.

Suddenly he felt his foot hit against a tall pine-tree, and then—

Why, where was he?

Where were his telegrams?

He heard a voice say, "Hey, Mikey, what air you a-doin'? Sure, an' de boss be a-huntin' for yez."

Then the truth flashed upon him that it was all a foolish, foolish dream.

At the familiar click, click the tired little telegram-boy rose, rubbing his wondering eyes.

"Anyhow," he whispered, with a decisive nod of his little head, "when I grows up I'll invent wings, so 's messenger boys *can* fly."

So, still wondering, the child started again to do *his* share of duty in this great world.

A MEMORY (?) OF VACATION.

BY MARJORIE V. BETTS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

VACATION is n't over yet;

There still are weeks to play;

Yes, weeks and weeks before we fret
O'er school-books all the day.

The silver moon still shines at night

Out of a starlit sky.

The days are very fair and bright;
They have not yet passed by.

The woods are still a dainty green;

The birds still loudly sing,

As glad as ever they have been
Since the first touch of spring.

The waves are rolling mountains high,

The sky is nice and blue,

The gleaming sails go racing by;
And all of this is true.

Yes, all is real as real can be,

And all is joyful, glad.

For me, I have no memory
For what I have n't had.

My holidays are n't over yet,

I have n't had them all.

Don't ask me to *remember* them
Till later in the fall.

AN INVENTION.

BY PHYLLIS VALENTINE WANNAMAKER (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

Of all wonderful inventions, my choice is the piano.

Not because it is so useful or necessary (for I might, possibly, live without it), but because it gives to me such quiet enjoyment. It soothes my ruffled or injured feelings, and makes me thoughtful. It always quiets me.

It has a story of history and improvement which begins as far back as the Middle Ages. Among the many stringed instruments at that time were the clavicord and dulcimer. The dulcimer was a stringed instrument laid across a table and played by leather-headed hammers. The clavicord had a keyboard, but was played by plucking the strings.

Christofale, of Florence, Italy, in 1711 combined the keyboard and hammer ideas into a rude piano. It was called the clavicord-cymbalum, and later the forte-piano (*forte* meaning loud and *piano* soft). The name afterward became reversed.

In 1716, Marius, of Paris, independently invented a piano, and about the same time Shroedter, in Germany, invented another.

Johann Stein and Anton Walter made notable improvements on the Shroedter make of pianos. Mozart played on these kinds, and Beethoven played on



"THE DEEPEST WOODS." BY FREDA MESSERVY,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A LESSON IN THE DEEP WOODS." BY GERTRUDE M. NOWLAND,
AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"CEDAR BIRD AND YOUNG." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

others made by Stein's daughter, Mme. Streicker. One of the latter makes may be seen now in Windsor Castle.

Pianos were introduced into England in 1766 and into America in 1784; but those imported into America were ruined by the severe climate.

In 1790, John Hawkins conceived the idea of upright pianos; but not until 1815 was the making of pianos taken up as an American industry.

The day of the square piano is past, and the upright is fast taking its place, as it does not take as much room, and has a softer, deeper tone. Even the grand piano is not much better, its only advantage being the greater volume of sound.

So from Christofale's crude invention has been formed the modern piano, which affords so much pleasure, both quiet and gay, for all people.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY H. MABEL SAWYER (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE June breeze brought from the far-off hills
The scent of the new-mown hay,
As we sat on the banks of the running rills
And fished and dreamed away.
And what cared we for bee or fly
While we had each other, my rod and I?

The shimmering trout went swimming by
As we lay in the cooling shade,
And we loved each other, my rod and I,
In the loneliness of the glade.
For no man upon the living sod
Loves aught as I love my faithful rod.

Then as the noontide sun rose high
Our basket of lunch we sought;
We dined together, my rod and I,
As together we dreamed and wrought.



"CROW." BY ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL, AGE 9. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

I ask for naught but my line and rod,
With a running stream and the restful sod.
We've wandered over dale and hill,
My fishing-rod and I,
Always to stop by some silvery rill
Where the fish go darting by.
With my rod I spend each vacation day,
And pray with my heart that I always may.

TABBY'S INVENTION.

BY EDITH J. MINAKER (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

NURSE had gone out and left Baby Teddy in Amy's charge. Amy was his sister, and was exceedingly fond of books and reading. Just then she was trying to finish a very interesting story in the *ST. NICHOLAS*, but Teddy objected. He was cutting teeth, and was just about as cross and fretful as a baby can be. Amy had been playing with him, and now was tired. Reading stories was so much nicer than amusing babies!

The staid, lazy old tabby-cat napping on the rug guessed what made them so unhappy, and racked her brain to invent something to amuse the baby. At last

she hit upon a plan, but it was very distasteful to herself. The only thing that a cat could do, she thought, was to try to be a kitten for a while.

So up she sprang (for she could be quick when she pleased). She caught the dangling string of Teddy's pinafore between her paws, and clawed and bit and pulled it. Amy looked up from her book, hurriedly finished her story, then ran and got some string. Poor old Tabby chased and raced after it until nurse came in. Then as she lay down for a long nap, she thought, "It's all very well to amuse babies, but when you have to transform yourself from a staid, sedate old cat into a frisky young kitten, it's rather hard work."

Though she was convinced of the success of her invention, she thought she would not often try it unless Teddy was very cross and Amy very tired of amusing him.



"YOUNG FLICKER." BY FREDERICK L. GATES, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN
(AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

(Teddy speaks.)

I WENT to Aunt Matilda's home,
A farm with apple-trees,
To hunt fer frogs an' polliwogs
An' birds an' bumblebees.

One day I picked a paper ball
A-hangin' on a tree;
An' bugs with wings an' awful stings
Came flyin' after me!

An' you jus' guess I hollered loud,
An' ran the fastest race—
With hurtin' lumps, such dreadful bumps,
A-comin' on my face!

I tum'led in the fishin'-pond,
An' could n't make a sound!
Oh, my! Oh, my! I thought I'd die,
Fer I wuz almos' drowned!

Those happy days are over, an'
I 'm learnin' spellin' now—
An' 'rithmetic jus' makes me sick!
I 'd like to see a cow!

ONE OF NATURE'S INVENTIONS.

BY ALLAN MORGAN STANDISH (AGE 12).

In the little bays on the Pacific coast can be seen
large quantities of kelp floating on the surface of the
water.

The kelp is brown in color and is like a long, slender
tube. At one end it enlarges into a hollow bulb about
as big as a ball, which keeps it afloat. The other end
fastens on to stones and rocks, and so anchors itself.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY DOROTHY J. HAMILTON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

In the fall, as the bulb becomes larger and more buoy-
ant, if the stone to which the lower end is attached is
small, the kelp frequently lifts the stone off the bottom,
and, with it firmly clasped by its roots, floats ashore.

If the kelp is fastened to a rock too heavy to move,
it has to be broken off by the storms, and can be found
in great masses piled up on the shore.

At this season the Indians from near-by valleys come
to the coast and gather it, dry it, and use it as food.

I have seen kelp over twenty feet long, washed up on
the beach, with its roots still clinging to a stone as large
as a man's two fists.

When dried the kelp becomes very tough.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY EVELYN OLVER FOSTER (AGE 15).

(Bob speaks.)

I WISH that outside 't would stop snowing,
I wish that the ice would go 'way,
I wish that the wind would stop blowing,
And 't was summer-time just for one day.

I am tired of this wild wintry weather,
This room is so stuffy and warm;
I think of us ten boys together,
And the fun we had out on the farm,



"A FIELD SKETCH." BY HELEN ADELE FLECK, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

When 't was August, and uncle was haying,
And all of us boys went along,
And bothered the men by our playing,
And joined in the haymakers' song.

And one day I went with them "in swimmin',"
Not afraid of the scolding I 'd get;
And nurse, who 's the sharpest of
women,
Found out, 'cause my hair was so
wet!

Now Thanksgiving and Christmas
are nearing,
And I 'm home with my books and
my toys;
But outside it is cold, white, and
dreary,
And I long for the farm and the
boys.

ELSIE'S INVENTION.

BY FRANCES J. SHRIVER (AGE 13).

"ETHEL, Ethel! come here!" shouted Julia, from the gate. Ethel dropped her sewing and ran to meet her sister.

"What is it, Julie? What is the matter?"

"Read it! read it!" cried Julia, giving Ethel a newspaper. "Read it, quick, Ethel!"

"A prize of \$5 will be given for the best invention made by a child under fifteen. There will be two second prizes of \$3 each. See next page for rules," read Ethel. Then she dropped the paper, exclaiming, "That's the best thing ever happened to us, Julie! If either of us wins the prize, it will be enough, with what we have, for both bicycles. And your bird-snare and my toy water-mill will do nicely. Oh, how fine!"

For several days the girls spent most of their spare time in getting their inventions ready, till the time came and they were sent away. Meanwhile Baby Elsie had been asking questions and thinking things over. One afternoon she came to Ethel and announced, "I has made a 'vention, too. Tum see."

She trotted on before her sisters till she reached a fence inclosing a blackberry-patch. This fence was too high to climb easily, and the children always had a hard time getting over it. She ran along beside it, the curious girls following, till she came to a low place. There, built on sticks and stones piled up clumsily, was a little contrivance, half ladder, half staircase, made of logs.

"Dat's my 'vention," said Elsie, proudly. "I'll det lots of money for it."

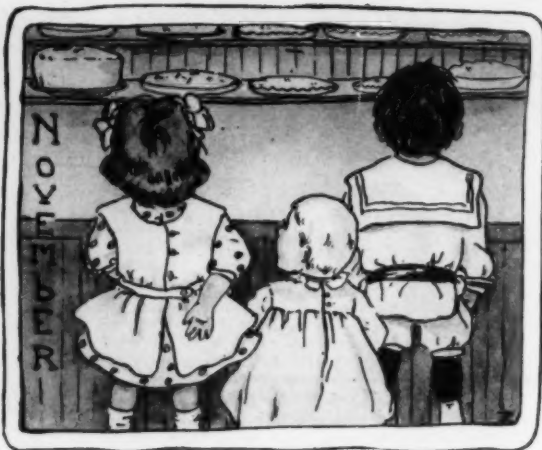
"Lots of money for that thing!" cried Julia. "Oh, baby, what nonsense! It is n't worth a cent!"

Elsie's lip trembled for an instant; then she ran, crying, toward the house.

A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER.



BY IRENE McFADDEN, AGE 12.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Grandpa was smoking in the garden, when, suddenly, baby rushed up, sobbing out something about "bad girls" and "'vention." When he understood, he picked her up and walked toward the fence.

"Don't cry, baby. If you'll show me your invention, I'll make everything all right. Those naughty girls sha'n't laugh at you. Is that it? Why, baby, that's fine! Run get your supper, and I'll fix things for you, never fear!"

A week later Julia announced that she and Ethel had won second prizes. But, happy as they were, Elsie was happier, standing beside her grandfather with a brand-new dollar bill clasped in her fat hand. Grandpa had made it all right.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILKIE GILHOLM (AGE 16).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

OH, a gay little rover was I, with school over!

No thought then of going away;

For all through vacation, with childish elation,

I rode my "Brown Bess" every day.

She would toss her small head as onward we sped,

And strive to unseat me in fun;

But with a light tip on her side from the whip,

Off faster than ever she'd run.

'T was dash o'er the hills! 't was splash through the rills!

While over the meadows we'd fly,

If you heard a great clatter, and found out the matter,

'T was only my pony and I.

When we came to red clover, I'd slip the reins over

And let her enjoy a sweet bite;

At a shake of the rein she would toss out her mane,

And dash off again with delight.

In the cool shady rill she could drink there until

Her thirst was quite quenched, one could tell;

Then I'd turn her around, and off she would bound

For home, ere the night shadows fell.

Oh, my little brown pet, I think of you yet

As I jingle these holiday rhymes;

But vacations no more are the same as of yore—

I'm too big for those jolly old times.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 11).

THE good times are over,
With frolic and play;
No races in clover,
But school all the day.

No climbing of trees,
No sails on the bay,
No lying at ease,
But school all the day.



St Nicholas League.

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY M. FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

And of my memories one of the best
Is being out on that broad lake's breast,
Seeing the hills and the deep blue skies,
And the bright sun set and the pale moon rise.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I'm very sure that I like to row.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

BY JEANNETTE A. SCHIFF (AGE 11).

PRINTING was first invented by Gutenberg in 1441, but the first English printer was William Caxton, who is supposed to have been born about 1422. For many years he lived in Bruges as governor of the English traders. When he was forty-seven years of age he began to translate from the French a book about the Trojan War. Not long after, he entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, to whom he presented his translation in 1471. So many people wanted copies that he grew tired of writing and began to think of printing.

Caxton learned the art from Collard Mansion, a printer in Bruges, who had his printing-press in a room over a church porch. The book was printed, and also another called "The Game and Playe of Chesse," which was published the following year. After an absence of thirty-five years, Caxton returned to England, bringing with him a primitive printing-press of Collard Mansion's type. This he set up in Westminster Abbey in the part now known as the Sanctuary.

In the fourteen years Caxton lived there he printed and published eighty books, one quarter of which he translated himself. Caxton died in 1491. His chief assistant, Wynkyn de Worde, succeeded him in his business.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY JULIA FORD FIEBEGER (AGE 13).

AT fair Lake Placid I'd often row,
Hardly caring where to go.
Some like to walk, and some like to ride,
And some people like in the woods to bide.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I'm very sure that I like to row.

Just to skirt along the shore,
Gliding on for an hour or more,
Past little beaches and pretty bays,
Watching the squirrel at merry plays,
Hearing the wood-birds' fairy songs,
And seeing them flying around in throngs.

THE HALL OF INVENTION.

BY ETHEL BERRIAN (AGE 16).

"THE telephone was invented in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell." So Jack read from his history, as he nodded over his lesson. "Telephone—1876—Alexander—Graham—Bell." Eyes winked faster, head bent lower, and the draft from the hall fluttered the pages of the book over, one, two, three at a time; and, finally, over went the cover, too, with a—

Bang! Jack jumped up and looked around with wide



"FROM LIFE." BY JESSIE JUNE WHITCOMB, AGE 16.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY FONDA CUNNINGHAM, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

eyes. Instead of the old familiar room, the desk and book-case, the well-known carpet and wall-paper, whose patterns had often been so carefully studied in the vain attempt to find arithmetic answers hidden away among the leaves and flowers — instead of all this there was — Jack wondered what there was n't!

The room was full of all sorts and descriptions of machinery. At least, it looked like machinery at first; but when Jack looked sharply at one piece, lo and behold, there sat a little jumping-jack of a fellow, really nothing but a long piece of wire with a cylinder at each end of it, arms and head coming from one cylinder, feet from the other. He was labeled: "Invention of the Telephone, 1876, by Alexander Graham Bell."

"Goodness!" said Jack.

The next was a tiny steamboat, two bulging eyes at the prow, arms from the port-holes, feet at the stern: "Invention of the Steamboat, 1807, by Robert Fulton."

Jack stared, then went on to the next: "Invention of the Phonograph, 1877, by Thomas A. Edison." Jack gasped when he saw the figure below the label—a little box of a body, two little arms and two little legs, and a big round gaping mouth.

In spite of his fourteen years, Jack thought of "Why, grandmother, what a big mouth you've got!" And then there seemed to come from out the mouth of the "Invention," "All the better to eat you up with!"

And Jack took to his heels and ran—ran till he bumped against something hard, and straightway found himself on the study floor.

"I'm going to call that place the 'Hall of Invention,'" he told Billy, next day. "I'm going to make believe all the inventions are funny fellows with labels on them. I guess I won't miss in history to-day." And he did n't.



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

(Spent in a Public Library.)

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16.)

(A Former Prize-winner.)

A SUNNY room with cool green walls

And pictures here and there,
The gently moving ferns and palms,
A carved and winding stair.

The murmur of a baby's voice,
The pat of tiny feet,
The funny papers round the room,
And laughter low and sweet.

Low shelves on shelves of children's books,
The children's eager rush,
The sharp hiss of a new-torn page
And then the breathless hush.

Thus memories come crowding back
Of child and book and rhyme,
The happiest days I ever spent
In one vacation-time.

OUR MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY RACHEL BULLEY (AGE 13).

WE always had fun when we stayed with Aunt Sue,
There were so many things for us children to do.
We used to go fishing for trout in the brook,
With a cane for a pole and a pin for a hook;
We used to have picnics, with plenty to eat—
Buns, cookies, and apples and plums that were sweet.

We used to take rides on "Satsuma," the cow,
And play hide-and-seek in the clover haymow.
When evening came, with the moon full and bright,
Aunt Sue would tell stories, to our great delight.
When summer vacation comes next year anew,
I hope they will send us to visit Aunt Sue.

THE INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT.

BY ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY (AGE 10).

ROBERT FULTON was the first man to make a steamboat. He and his friend used to fish in a flat-bottomed boat. They made it go by poles, but it was very hard to make it go that way.

So Fulton and his friend made two paddle-wheels, and fitted them in the boat so they could turn them with their hands. This worked finely.

When Fulton was older he thought that he could make a bigger boat and have larger paddles and have them worked by steam.

So he got a big boat and put an engine in it, and made some big paddle-wheels, and then he launched it; but the engine was so big and heavy that it sank.

But he made a bigger boat and put another engine in it, and made some big paddles.

There were lots of people on the banks, and they were laughing at it, for they were sure it would not work; but when it really started, they thought it was bewitched, and they were very frightened. But it kept on going up the Hudson, and then it turned around and went back to New York. Its name was the "Clermont."

MEMORIES OF VACATION.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (AGE 14).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

In the school-room now I sit with my head upon my hand:

I can hear the tiny wavelets as they break upon the sand;
I can see the smoke of steamships trailing black against the sky;

I hear once more the sighing wind and the whistling buoy's cry.

How I long to sit beneath the pines—my favorite retreat—

And look out across the waters where the bay and ocean meet!

The little church on the hilltop and the bay stretched blue below,

The restless waves of the ocean moving ever to and fro,
The bluffs and the blazing camp-fires and the pine-trees straight and tall,

The racing tides of the ocean, and the moonlight over all—
It all comes back, and I long to sit once more in my cool retreat,

And hear the booming of the waves where the bay and ocean meet.

The fisher-boats that up the bay at quiet anchor lie,
The mountains that rival in blueness the blue of the summer sky,

The waves that beat against the reefs and storm a coast rock-bound,

The gulls and stormy petrels that circle round and round,
It all comes back with the sighing wind, and I long for my cool retreat,

And the foam and the white-capped breakers where the bay and ocean meet.

Around the lighthouse tall and still the sea-birds circling fly,
Or lose themselves in the mist and fog that cover sea and sky.

So memory roves, and fancy, till I long to hear once more

The cry of the whistling buoy and the breakers on the shore;

I long to wander through the ferns or watch from my cool retreat

The surging of the waters where the bay and ocean meet.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

(Leaving Baltimore.)

COME to the "Howard's" massive bow,

For she is raising anchor now;

The sun is setting o'er the sea,
The vessel from the shore must flee.

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"THE DEEP WOODS." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13.

Gaze at the disappearing land,
The grassy fields, the golden sand,
The smoky town so far away
Dim in the twilight of the day.

About us and above us, too,
Doth stretch a vast expanse of blue;
'T is turning now to dusky gray
As in the west doth end the day.

THE INVENTION OF LOCOMOTIVES.

BY LUCIA BURCH (AGE 10).

THE locomotive was first invented by George Trevithick. It was a small model made for running on common roads. George Stephenson next invented a locomotive to run on rails. He was given money to make it by Lord Ravenscourt.

In a competition which took place several locomotives were entered, George Stephenson's being one of them. His locomotive was called the "Rocket." It was the pioneer of the type we see now, and took first prize.

The introduction of locomotives in the United States preceded its introduction to the continent of Europe, three locomotives being sent over in 1829, and the South Carolina Railway being laid in 1828.

The mileage of construction of the United States then began to keep pace with that of the United Kingdom. In 1830 the United States began to take the lead, which it has ever since maintained.

The United States has better railways than any other country in the world. The largest locomotive works in the world are in Philadelphia.



"DEEP WOODS." BY W. E. RADCLIFFE, AGE 14.



BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Margaret I. Larimer
Ellen Dunwoody
Alfred Patmore Clarke
Alberta Cowgill
Edith Taylor
Doris Franklyn
Emily Rose Burt
Mary Swenson
Ethel Steinhiller
Louisa F. Spear
Jessie Freeman Foster
Philip Stark
Mary Clara Tucker
Katherine Ashby
Bessie White
Marie J. Hapgood
Teresa Cohen
Maude N. White
Frank P. Abbot
Harold R. Norris
Beth Howard

VERSE 2.

Sue Dorothy Keeney
Ora Ringwood
Horace Hotchkiss Holly
Bert Durden
Katherine Kurz
Mark Curtis Kinney
Della H. Varrell
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Rebecca S. Rutledge
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Mildred Quiggle
Helena Marco
Alice Braunlich
Elizabeth Q. Bolles
Ruth Reeder
Harriet Evelyn Works
Bertha Mulvihill
Bertha C. Herbst
Mary J. Woodbridge
Elizabeth Lee
Miriam C. Gould
Mary Yeula Wescott
Helen Emerson
William Aimson Jonnard
Bertha V. Emmerson
Marguerite Marcher
Ruth Tolman
William A. Dunlap
Irene Weil

Clara Shanafelt
Theresa H. McDonnell
Mary Blossom Bloss
Mary Smith
Marguerite Weed
Morris G. White, Jr.
Susan E. Miller
Claudia Stella Blount
Robert Strain III.
Dorothy Lee
Barbara Tower
Helen A. Scribner
Virginia D. Keeney
Frances Benedict

PROSE 1.

Sydney P. Thompson
Cornelia N. Walker
Edward Taylor
Charlotte R. Prentiss
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Fisa Clark
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Tula Latzke
Margaret Wrong
Helen M. Spear
Ada Harriet Case
Willia Nelson
Ivy Varian Walshe
Ruth McNamee
Grace Richardson
Julia Coolidge
Celia Lewis
Florence Wade
Hazel M. Hartman
Louis Brown
Dorothy Place
Vincent M. Ward
Elizabeth McCormick
Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff
Bennie Hasselman
Priscilla C. Goodwyn
Bessie Stella Jones

PROSE 2.

Louise F. Preston
Abbe H. Aaron
Lelia S. Goode
Vivian T. Freeman
Lawrence Grey Evans
Dorothy Webb Abbott
Marjorie Du Bois
Earl D. Van Deman

Margaret Minaker
Anna Marguerite Neuberger
Frederick D. Seward
Marion Hayward Tuthill
Elsie Flower
Helen Welles
Anna Campbell
Harriette Kyler Pease
Lucie A. Dolan
Olive Benbrook
Harold S. Barbour
Caryl Porter Smith
N. Antrim Crawford
L. G. Phillips
Olga McCormick
Elizabeth Parker
Harriet R. Fox
Florence O. Stinchcomb
Fanny J. Watson
Elsa van Nes
Mildred Verral
Avis K. Stein
Marjorie Heath Baine
Katherine Carr
Edmund de S. Brunner
Anna Kress
Marjorie Sawyer
Katharine J. Bailey
Alma Eckl
William A. R. Russum
Marion Dillard
Phyllis M. Critcherson
Carol S. Williams
Lewise Seymour
Mary Nimmmons
Charlotte M. H. Beath
Margaret L. Garthwaite
Hilda M. Ryan
Leon Knowles
Dorothy Kuhns
Mildred Ransom Cram
Conrad P. Aiken
Ruth B. Hand
Edith Muriel Andrews
Helen Greene
Katharine Forbes Liddell

DRAWINGS 1.

Joseph McQuirk
Katherine Dulcibella Barbour
Zula J. Bottenfield
Eileen Lawrence-Smith
Margaret A. Dobson
Caroline Latzke
Stella Weingarten
Katharine Maude Merriam
Grace Leadingham
Pauline Croll
May Lewis Close
Evelie C. Flagg

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Meade Bolton
Joseph B. Mazzano
Edith Plonsky
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Shirley Willis
Frances R. Newcomb
Elizabeth Osborne
Margaret McKeon
Sara D. Burge
Rene Kellner
Helen M. Brown
Isabel Reynolds Krauth
Irene Gaylord Farnham
Vivian Marie Fisher
Dorothy Gray Brooks

DRAWINGS 2.

Phoebe Wilkinson
Margaret Gould Harder
Charlotte Morton
Elsa Falk
Winifred Bosworth
Paul Dundon
Sara E. Phillips
Lester T. Hull
Margaret Jane Russell
Mildred Curran-Smith
John P. Billings
Edith Park
Caney McDowell Venable
Thomas S. McAllister
Walter V. Johnson
Samuel Loveman
Albert Elsner, Jr.
Mary Eleanor George
Gladys Ralston Britton
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Elsie Donaldson
Richard M. Hunt
Katherine J. Abbey
Ethel Ayres
Margery Bradshaw
Ethel Land
Lucile Ramon Byrne
Dorothy Sherman
Dorothea Clapp
Philip Little
Richard A. Reddy
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Edward Toth
Elizabeth Stockton
Ruth A. Reed
Roger K. Lane
Florence Mason
Emily W. Browne
Harriet Constance Grist
Louise Robbins
Margaret Peckham
A. Elizabeth Babcock
Ruby C. Knox

Harold Breul
Frances S. Loney
Mary Hazeline Fewsmith
Paul A. McDermott
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Helen Lowry
Alice M. Thoesen
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Marie Goebel
Marguerite E. Schwinn
Esterdell Lewis
Edna B. Tuthill
Jeannette Ormal Sherwood
Frances A. Chapin
Laura Burmeister
Edna Phillips
Mabel Everett Roosevelt
Maude G. Barton
Lillian M. Andrews
Ethel Meservy
Elizabeth H. Swift
Gladys Jackson
Jacob Bacon
Constance Badger
Eunice McGilvra
Jeannette Fuqua
Philip M. Ustick
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Helen A. Wilson
Guinevere H. Norwood
Joe Fern

Marie Atkinson
Bessie B. Styron
Phoebe Hunter
Katharine Sturges
Dorothy C. Milford
Elsie Urquhart
Gladys Nelson
Catherine Warner
Katherine W. Wood
Dorothy Applegate
Edward Doyle
Mary T. Taussig
John Sinclair
Dorothy Berry
Adelaide Chamberlin
Clara Goode
Dorothy E. Robinson
Marion D. Freeman
Julia Morgan
Katharine Thompson
Marie Louise Mohr
Robert Hammond Gibson
Mary Hendrickson
Dorothy Wormser
Helen L. Toohy
Harold L. Parr
Katharine Gibson
Frances Hale Burt
Frank C. Tallman
Edward Estlin Cummings

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Eugene White, Jr.
James W. Young
Laurence Macomber
Gerlad J. Taylor
Alice Fay
Charles J. Heidelberg
Katharine L. Marvin
Marjorie L. Williams
Nora Butler
Michael Heidelberg
Irene M. Mack
Laurence Smith
John P. Phillips
John Dusenbury Matz
Zella Jacobson
George Schobinger
Marguerite Williams
Henry Hand Hickman
Katharine Miller

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Catherine Delano
Arthur T. Luce
Paul B. Moore
F. E. Norton
Katharine McCook
Teresa Browne
Fred L. Herron
Edward McKee Very

Alice Mendelson
Olive C. McCabe
H. de Veer
Catherine Evans
Sophie P. Woodman
N. W. Swayne
Marguerite Warfield
Jackson
Alice Whitton
J. Foster Hickman
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Hugo K. Graf
Clarence Reed
Abbott L. Norris
Florence R. T. Smith
Sarah W. Davis
T. Sam Parsons
Joseph F. Rumsey, Jr.
Louise L. Obert
Gertrude W. Smith
Gertrude Beekman
Elizabeth Simpson
Marie Russel
Charles Ford Harding
John B. Jay
Mildred Easter
Prescott Rogers
R. Barton Parker
Arthur Fuller
Fred Scholle
Chandler W. Ireland
Patty Phillips
Elizabeth P. Hubbell
Lucien Carr III.
Eleanor S. Sterrett
Gilbert Honax

Margaret Stevens
Florence Short
Alfred A. Haldenstein
Kudolf von Saal
Louis Stix Weiss
Ethel Paine
Lucille Frund
Katharine H. Weed

Erna Klinzing
Ernest S. Roche
Clara L. Hays
Clements Wheat
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Dorothy P. Tutbill
Eather M. Walker
Dorothy Carr

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 50.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 50 will close **November 30** (for foreign members **November 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for February.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to Abraham Lincoln.

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "The Story of a Word," being the history of the origin, use, and evolution of any word the author may select (continued from October).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Sunlight."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Sketch from Memory," and "A Heading for February."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas
League,
Union Sq., New York.



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY FAVETTA CROWLEY, AGE 12.

PUZZLES 1.

Helen Dean Fish
Eleanor Marvin
Albert Zane Pyles
Scott Sterling
Mabel C. Stark
George Powell
Jean C. Freeman

PUZZLES 2.

Dorothy Child
E. Adelaide Hahn
Bonnie Angell
A. B. Harrington
James Brewster

Alice L. Halligan
Elizabeth C. Beale
Alma Mohrdick
Corinne L. Paine
Janette Bishop
Edna Mason Chapman

LEAGUE NOTES.

A FEW of our League contributors still insist upon rhyming "come" with "sun," and other words of irregular consonant sound. No "poet's license" that we have ever seen permits this sort of thing. We believe Chaucer used to do it, but that was a long time ago, before the English language, and especially the rhyming portion of it, had fallen into careful methods and exact rules. A poet who rhymes "come" with "sun," or "break" with "slate," or "line" with "time," may perhaps win the plaudits of "kind friends and teachers dear," but never by any possible chance can he win a prize in the St. Nicholas League competition. The vowel sounds are more flexible. It is allowable when in a very difficult place indeed to couple "blade" with "said," "tune" with "moon," and "more" with "war," though such things are to be avoided; but to link different consonant endings—it is almost too bad to talk about!

Some League members from Athens, Ill., have sent us a copy of a little paper entitled "The Only Thing." It is a type-written sheet, and very creditable to the young editors. Some of the persons, however, are really so very personal as to make editing in Athens seem a perilous employment. For example:

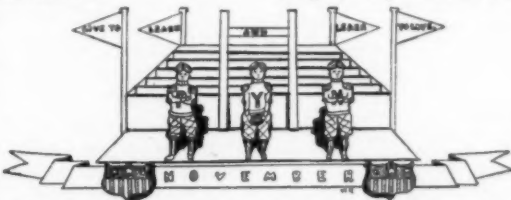
"Mr. Potts has a curly topknot, but is going away, we are sorry to say, to the land of the South, and ride on the train with a pipe in his mouth."

Even the poetry of the above will hardly be an excuse for the young editors when Mr. Potts gets home. Another personal seems less dangerous but no less worth reprinting:

"Mr. Ellis is a fine preacher. All that witnessed his last Sunday's sermon said it was grand, and it was. He began vanishing the church to-day."

One more, and then we will close:

"Mrs. J. R. H— entertained a party of fifteen guests at her home east of Athens. Such a big dinner was served that all felt the effects."



"A TAILPIECE FOR NOVEMBER." BY WALTER ROTHSCHILDS, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS. IN response to the offer made in the August number, many interesting letters were submitted containing the names of recent books (not already too well known) for young people. The best letters were sent by these

PRIZE-WINNERS.

ROBERT PORTER CROW (12), Shelby City, Ky.
GEDDES SMITH (13), Orange, N. J.
CLARA STILL (14), Middletown, N. Y.

and a free subscription for one year is therefore awarded to each. If they prefer their prizes in books published by The Century Co., will they kindly write to this department, making known their preference promptly?

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY YOUNG READERS. FROM the lists sent in we make a little selection of recent books which are praised by the competitors. It will be useful to generous friends looking for presents for young book-lovers.

The Boy and the Baron	<i>Adeline Knapp</i>
A Dear Little Girl	<i>Amy Blanchard</i>
The Other Wise Man	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>
The Little Colonel Series	<i>A. F. Johnson</i>
The Outcasts	<i>W. A. Fraser</i>
A Real Queen's Fairy Tales	<i>Carmen Sylva</i>
Little Miss Muffet's Christmas	<i>S. M. Crothers</i>
The Young Colonists	<i>G. A. Henty</i>
Smith College Stories	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>
Nathalie's Chum	<i>Alice C. Ray</i>
'Tilda Jane	<i>Marshall Saunders</i>
The Story of a Living Temple	<i>Rossiter</i>
School of the Woods	<i>W. J. Long</i>
Beautiful Joe's Paradise	<i>Marshall Saunders</i>
The Thrall of Leif the Lucky	<i>O. J. Liljenkrantz</i>
The Ward of King Canute	<i>O. J. Liljenkrantz</i>
Nan at Camp Chicopee	<i>Myra Hamlin</i>
The Half-back	<i>Ralph Barbour</i>
The Princess of the Purple Palace	<i>W. M. Graydon</i>
Golden Numbers }	<i>K. D. Wiggin and</i>
The Posy Ring }	<i>N. A. Smith</i>
For the Freedom of the Sea	<i>C. T. Brady</i>
The Grip of Honor	<i>C. T. Brady</i>
Oakleigh	<i>E. D. Deland</i>
Two Girls	<i>Amy Blanchard</i>
Teddy	<i>Alice C. Ray</i>
The Fairy Queen	<i>E. Brooks</i>
Boy Life on the Prairie	<i>Hamlin Garland</i>
The Master Key	<i>Frank L. Baum</i>

Of course there are other books as good, but these are given as having pleased our young correspondents, and as being likely to please others of the same age. Letters speaking of books for the young are always welcome in this department, whether containing praise or blame, since it is our wish to keep our readers informed about the newer juvenile books, and especially to record those most notable.

THE NEW VOLUME.

SINCE this number is the first of the new volume, it is now fitting to advise that the numbers be kept and bound. The cost of putting a half-year's magazines into book form is a trifle, and the pleasure of reading *ST. NICHOLAS* in a bound book is more than a reward. Besides, the magazine contains mainly articles of permanent value, and as a young reader accumulates the volumes he makes up a little library of increasing use and worth. If it should happen that a reader outgrows *ST. NICHOLAS* (many a grown-up has never done so, but finds it good reading always), there are always other young readers in the family. There is usually more danger that the magazine will be read to pieces than that it will be neglected, and no library for young people is better worth keeping. This is the time to begin your library, if you have not already kept your numbers together.

THE TWO ELEMENTS.

IT must never be forgotten that in reading there are two things necessary—the book and the reader. It is not difficult to-day for us to provide the first. Books are cheap, plenty, and accessible everywhere. But precisely as books increase in number and become familiar, it is harder to be a good reader. When a book was a rarity, each one was a treasure. Its possession was eagerly sought and the book was likely to be really read. Imagine the boy Abraham Lincoln when he had come upon a new book. How it was welcomed and cherished! Every line was scanned and squeezed of its contents; every worth-while thought was extracted, examined, valued, and acquired. That was *reading*. So read, every good book nourishes the

mind and the soul, and adds its own life to that of the reader.

But be sure that an author is worthy of your reading before you give your time and thought to him; for, as good reading is beneficial, poor or ill-chosen reading is harmful. You must live all your life with your own brain, and should be always on the watch against admitting to its storehouses anything unworthy of you. The art of forgetting has not yet been learned. If some unwelcome intruder makes its way into the House of Memory, it may refuse to be ejected or destroyed. Sometimes such thoughts and notions are likened to weeds in the garden of the mind. But they are worse than weeds. Weeds can only give rise to others of the same sort, and possibly occupy space to the exclusion of useful plants. But harmful, weak, and erroneous ideas do not remain apart: they mix with all your thoughts, as impurities mix with food or drink, spoiling the whole. The ideas in our mind are closely interwoven and even intermixed, and the materials of our thinking cannot be too carefully chosen. This is serious talk, but it may be found to contain a hint for thoughtful boys and girls.

THE TIME OF CHOICE. ALL over the world there are able men and women studying and observing, and recording what they learn. They study the subjects that interest them, and it has been found that the taste for one kind of knowledge or another is likely to be formed just at the age when the boy or girl is upon the threshold of manhood or womanhood. The world is then new and full of wonders. Impressions are then most vivid, deepest, and most lasting. This is more easily understood by an example. So let us suppose that a boy in his teens, say between thirteen and sixteen, meets for the first time a very delightful sailor-uncle—one who has sailed the seas with a love for salt-water and an understanding of the charm to be found in travel and far countries; one who has also the gift of putting scenes into words, of telling his adventures and experiences.

The days spent with such a companion may decide the boy's career. With a taste for art, he might become a marine-painter; with a love for adventure, he might enter the navy; with a taste for natural science, he might study the sea and its creatures; or with a love for business, the uncle's talk might turn the boy into a merchant. But whatever the result upon that particular boy, it has been found that impressions made at that age are the most likely to influence one's career.

Is it not a fair conclusion that the choice of good reading is most important at the same age?

"HARD READING." THE best writers—those whose work it is "to touch the heart, to kindle the imagination, to ennoble the mind," those authors who "set to music the pageantry and the pathos of human life, and keep alive in the soul the holy enthusiasm of devotion to the ideal" (as William Winter says)—are not always the easiest to read. Yet a young reader who gives up beaten because he may have to read a page or a paragraph twice in order to get its full sense is not very plucky.

A new thought is always harder to take in than an old one; and it is because great writers give you new thoughts that they refuse to be read by lazy-minded folks. It is a good plan to select some standard book that is hard to understand, and then conquer it. This is for the mind what wrestling is for the body—it makes mental muscle and gives alertness.

IN SCHOOL. IN connection with your studies, you will often find there are books that will make the studies more interesting and easier to learn. Ask your teachers to tell you of such books. School-books usually cover so much ground in a brief space that they must leave out all the "stories" and anecdotes. School histories, for example, must necessarily be rather dull; but in connection with them are whole libraries of exciting, delightful, amusing stories. Your teachers know of these, and will gladly tell you of them; or write to us and we will tell you.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS now for three or four years, and I think it is the very best magazine printed.

I must tell you about the funny time I had with our cats. We had a little black kitten, and her name was "Portia." She stayed with us for some time, but one day she ran away, and we have seen nothing of her since. One day after Portia had gone, I saw sitting on our porch a black cat. Mother was in town that day, so I went to the door and asked her in. She came. I gave her something to eat, and she spent the night. The next morning she went. A few days ago a dear little gray-and-white kitten came walking up the hill. When she got to our house she stopped. I called to her, and she came in. She was dear. I got mother to let her stay, and I put a ribbon round her neck. The next morning, when the cook let her out, she went away. Well, on the day before yesterday, a funny little black-and-white kitten came around. She has stayed so far; that is, she comes to supper and spends the night, eats her breakfast and goes away, only to return to supper again. Is it not funny?

I am your loving and devoted reader,
ELISABETH L. WHITEMORE.

WALLULA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very interesting. I think if it were not for you I would have a hard time keeping myself company. When I get tired of reading I go out and play at my farm. I fenced it with a rail fence. I made little houses on it.

Every evening some jack-rabbits come into our asparagus-patch. I cannot think of anything more. I will end my letter now. Your interested reader,

JAMES L. RILEY (age 9).

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me last Christmas, and I like you ever and ever so much. You are the best magazine in the world. My brother took you for a few years before you had the League. I have never seen a letter from Colorado Springs in the Letter-box. I am eleven years old and my brother is seventeen. I have a dog named "Fluff," who is very cute. I must stop now.

From your very interested reader,
DOROTHY GARDINER.

P.S. I have a camera, and hope to take some pictures for the League this summer.

KULA, MANILA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for about two years, and I like you very much. I live on the side of a mountain called Haleakala, and mother has a farm here, and we have a lot of horses and cows and calves.

My mother has two fine horses called "Thelma" and "Jubilee," and I have a nice horse called "Chestnut," and my brother has a horse "Hapahaole." We go up the mountain for the calves on our horses, and sometimes we go for long rides. Your interested reader,

ALEXA G. VON TEMPSKY (age 9).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This vacation my brother Frederick and I, with my mother and father, took a trip to the Grand Cañon of the Arizona.

The cañon is a mile deep and about thirteen across, and the coloring of the rocks is beautiful.

One morning, about nine o'clock, Fred and I, with our lunch and guide, started down the Bright Angel Trail on ponies.



HELEN AND FRED ON THEIR PONIES.

About half-past twelve we came to some tents among trees, which, from the hotel at the top, look something like tombstones. After resting awhile we went on until we came to a large area of flat ground which is called the plateau. There we stopped to eat our lunch. We could see the river seven hundred feet beneath, and the top of the cañon nearly a mile above. The river, which is quite wide, looked like a small stream, and the seven hundred feet about fifty.

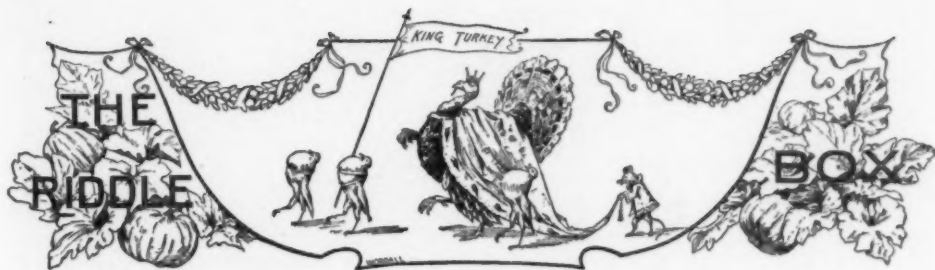
I thought perhaps some of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS will some day take this trip, and they must not miss going down the trail.

I inclose a picture of Fred and myself, taken on the plateau on the ponies "Alex" and "Tom."

Yours sincerely,

HELEN E. HIGH.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, and Henry L. Duggan.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Safe. 2. Acid. 3. File. 4. Eden.
GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Belfast; 1 to 3, Barbary; 2 to 4, Tripoli; 3 to 4, Venice; 5 to 6, Alabama; 5 to 7, America; 6 to 8, Addison; 7 to 8, Andaman; 1 to 5, Bata (Batalden); 2 to 6, Toba; 3 to 7, Yuma.

INSERTIONS. Labor Day. 1. Well-fare. 2. Lack-a-day. 3. Cab-b-age. 4. Inn-o-cent. 5. Ma-r-gin. 6. An-d-iron. 7. Prop-a-gate. 8. Bab-y-ish.

CONCEALED WORDS. 1. Chat, catch. 2. Dray, hydra. 3. Love, enrol. 4. Wash, shawl. 5. Boot, taboo. 6. Wean, nawew. 7. Sake, ukase. 8. Seat, tease. 9. Rent, stern. Primals, Chestnuts; finals, Hallowe'en.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Bit. 3. Tiger. 4. Tea. 5. R.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Labor Day. 1. Melon. 2. Evade. 3. Table. 4. Float. 5. Arrow. 6. Cadet. 7. Again. 8. Royal.—**CONCEALED WORDS.** "Thirty days hath September."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Cicero; middle letters, Virgil; finals, Caesar. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Civic. 2. Ivica. 3. Circe. 4. Edges. 5. Ruina. 6. Owl.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Hallowe'en. 1. Hose. 2. Ark. 3. Links. 4. Lyre. 5. Oysters. 6. Wagon. 7. Eel. 8. Ear. 9. Nest.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Evangeline; 11 to 20, Longfellow. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Defile. 2. Revolt. 3. Finale. 4. Ogling. 5. Fading. 6. Sequel. 7. Sullen. 8. Railer. 9. Anchor. 10. Eschew.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Joe Carlada—Christine Graham—M. W. J.—Mabel George, and Henri—Joyce Knowlton—Norton Woods—"Allil and Adi"—Amelia S. Ferguson—Lillian Jackson—Bessie Garrison—"Chuck"—"Johannie Bear"—Elsie Turner—Olive R. T. Griffin—Mary R. Hutchinson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from R. M. Jefferson, 1—M. P. Dorsey, 1—A. G. Gordon, 1—C. G. Squibb, 1—R. Cadwell, 1—C. Holbrook, 1—G. D. Ferguson, 1—H. Wulff, 1—H. S. Jones, 1—K. Lee, 1—C. H. Ober, 1—D. Hungerford, 1—C. P. Lacy, 1—W. H. M. Hurlburt, 1—E. Stevenson, 1—K. Royce, 1—L. F. Lacy, 1—Ruth Moss, 2—G. R. Holmes, 1—"The Spencers," 9—C. E. Frazer, 1—M. W. Pound, 1—Emilie and Anna, 2—A. B. and C. F. Harrington, 3—Grace M. Buzby, 10—Marion and Nathalie Swift, 9—Wilmot S. Close, 7—Nettie C. Barnwell, 4—M. J. Thomas, 1—Laura E. Jones, 8—J. Metcalf, 1—M. Berryhill, 1—C. W. Hawkins, 1—Caroline Sinkler, 4—Elizabeth Limont, 3.

CHARADE.

My first, an unknown quantity,
 Yet represents my second;
 If from it third should take my fourth,
 But two could then be reckoned.

My fourth and second numbers are,
 My first and third are letters;
 To whole themselves before the law
 Is often tried by debtors.

A. W. CLARK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A VIOLENT gust of wind. 2. A weapon of war. 3. To join or attach. 4. Odor. 5. Passages of Scripture.
 EDNA MASON CHAPMAN (League Member).

CONCEALED DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell something that comes in November.

1. The messenger she sent ran certainly very fast, but failed to reach here in time.

2. Should you slip, persons of all ranks would run to assist you.

3. Peleg, ancestor of Abraham, died at a very great age indeed.

4. Have you ever seen pitch in great quantities? I saw a barrel of it which had been buried by thieves.

5. The troops in action fought bravely, but were soon defeated.

6. In Paris I announced the coming of the great general to a large crowd.

7. She did not throw the bag over, nor did she push it through the fence.

8. That the recently captured fox is much tamer I can plainly see.

L. ARNOLD POST.

TWO ZIGZAGS.

I	3
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.
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2	4

I. 1. A grain. 2. A gentle bird. 3. A large stone. 4. Soon. 5. A bag. 6. Solitary. 7. Part of a teapot. 8. A chill.

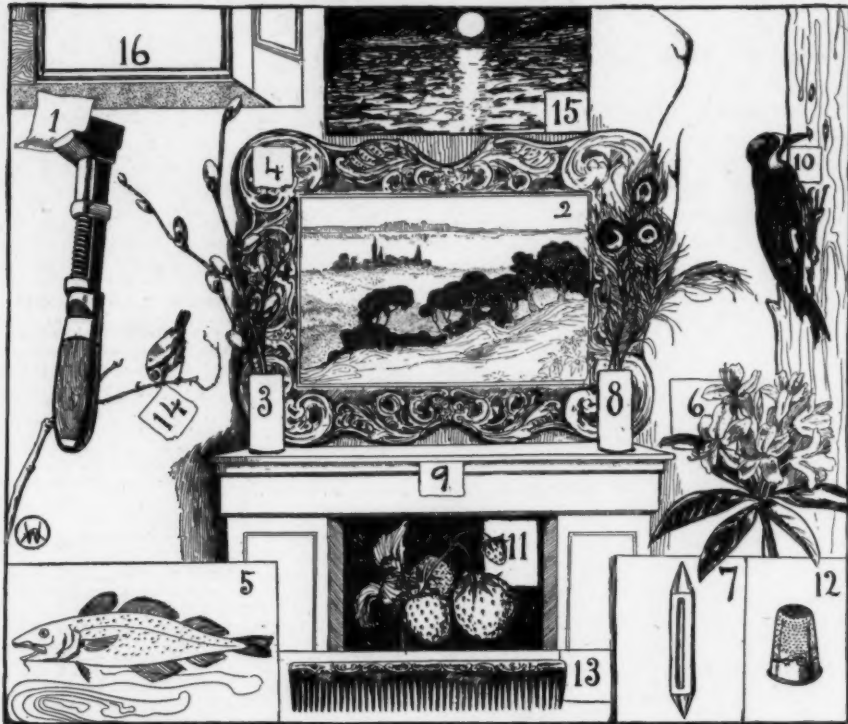
From 1 to 2, a harvest poem.

II. 1. A blemish. 2. A pain. 3. A Biblical name. 4. A small particle. 5. An outer garment. 6. A den. 7. A story. 8. To peel.

From 3 to 4, the author of the harvest poem.

KATHARINE H. WEAD (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the sixteen objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the hundred and twenty-one letters will form a quotation appropriate to the season, from one of our best-loved poets.

- Picture No. 1: 5-11-61-67-44-39-103-19-17-76-43-63.
 No. 2: 91-83-57-96-33-10-66-24-9.
 No. 3: 24-36-74-7-34-110-25-107-82-20-59-93.
 No. 4: 88-119-75-31-6.
 No. 5: 10-102-117-48-46-84-8.
 No. 6: 26-45-50-73-30-87-54-95-92-115-120-76-21.
 No. 7: 47-1-36-51-112-82-99.
 No. 8: 18-2-94-40-98-86-41-23.
 No. 9: 12-42-104-85-108-13-55-89-80-3-32.
 No. 10: 121-60-35-69-55-116-3-67-80-101.
 No. 11: 52-22-115-38-70-118-90-26-101-111-6-56.
 No. 12: 97-79-89-5-100-82-68.
 No. 13: 29-71-31-81.
 No. 14: 15-49-12-78-27-62.
 No. 15: 37-72-58-95-109-16-106-65-114.
 No. 16: 53-113-119-64-14-105-4-91-77.
 No. 28 is served at five o'clock.

A. R. W. and F. H. W.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word take the last two

letters of the first word, to form the third word take the last two letters of the second word, and so on.

1. A juicy fruit. 2. Mild. 3. Extent of anything from end to end. 4. To beat soundly. 5. To shake with cold. 6. A valuable fur. 7. The drink of the gods. 8. A fleet of armed ships. 9. A girl. 10. To pass away. 11. To look for. 12. To alter.

MARGARET ABBOTT.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. These letters will spell a familiar word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inn. 2. To flourish. 3. A season. 4. Yearly. 5. To light. 6. Mien. 7. The sound made by a turkey. 8. A ring. 9. A modest flower. 10. To separate. 11. Head. 12. Terrified.

MARJORIE HOLMES.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ADD together: one fourth of four, one, five hundred, five hundred, fifty, one third of ten, one seventh of billion, zero, and ten, and you will find the sum in the St. NICHOLAS Magazine.

SAMUEL WOHLGEMUTH.

duke ORANGE
ST. NICHOLAS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER



VOLUME XXV

MACMILLAN AND CO. LTD, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON
THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

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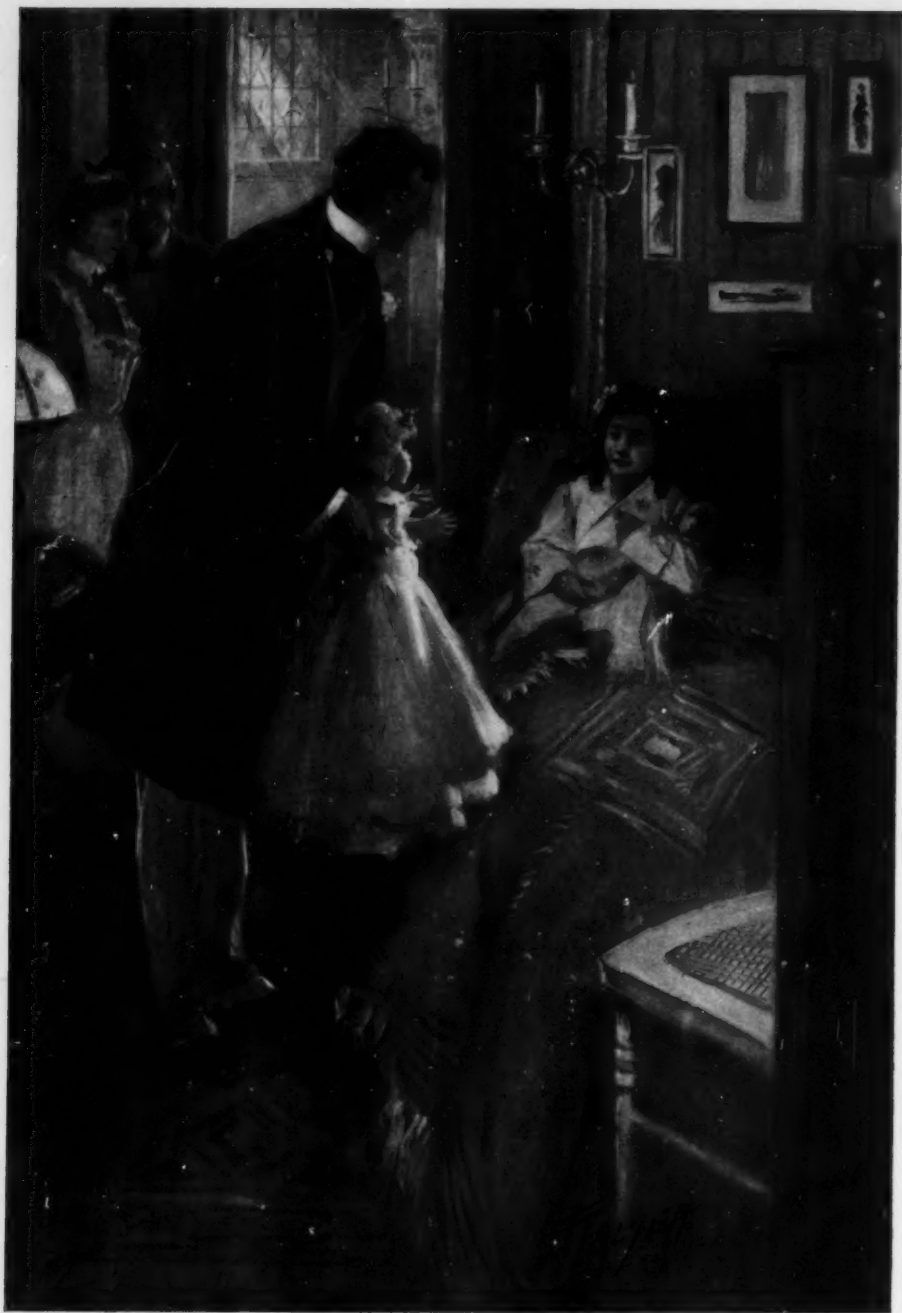
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13-14.



"THE BACHELOR INTRODUCED HER TO THE DOLL."

(*"The Bachelor's Doll,"* page 107.)